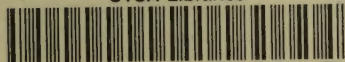


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The Boy Edward MacDowell

Abbie Farwell Brown

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THE BOYHOOD OF
EDWARD MacDOWELL

"Love builds of what Time takes away,
Till Death itself is less than Change."

—EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON



EDWARD MACDOWELL AT FOURTEEN
(From a sketch by himself)

THE BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

BY

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

*Author of "John of the Woods," "In the Days of Giants,"
"Heart of New England," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
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MCMXXVII

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To
Mrs. Edward MacDowell
and to my
Associates of the MacDowell Colony

EDWARD MACDOWELL

A Boy Who Never Grew Up

Life was a fairy-tale to which he yearned
With ever-young delight. His strong, clean hand
Illumined with a dreamer's magic wand
Its pages, never soiled nor rudely turned;
There the enchantment of all color burned,
Taught by the rainbow to a rollicking band
Of gnomes and elves, his kin of Fairyland,
Whose secret countersign his love had learned.

Wild bird and beastie; tree and chuckling stream;
Cathedral cool or cabin by a spring,
Gargoyle or saint; the laughter of a friend,—
His soul made harmony of everything;
This Boy who dwelt in glamour to the end,
And left the world a heritage of dream.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

FOREWORD

THIS story of an American boyhood, unusual and picturesque in its atmosphere and contacts; bred in mysticism, devoted to beauty, disciplined by hard work and restraint, should have significance in helping to interpret the quality of the music of our first great American composer. The legend of a unique and endearing personality was rapidly disintegrating, was in danger of being lost altogether. Very few persons are alive to-day who remember MacDowell's boyhood. Within the past decade many who could have spoken have passed beyond reach. Of those early days there are singularly few available records; no diaries, few memoranda besides the "Sketch Book" with its drawings and pasted-in souvenirs. Even those who knew

FOREWORD

and loved him well in later days seem on the whole unable to contribute more definite help than a general impression of unusual charm and power. The material of the book is built largely upon recollections of her husband's talk contributed by Mrs. MacDowell, without whose vivid memory there could have been no volume of the sort. She has personally heard me read the manuscript and has endorsed its essential verity.

I am also indebted to MacDowell's cousin and boyhood playmate, Dr. Charles MacDowell, who supplied the missing link of personality from the days of the composer's early youth, and who gives a lively picture of the lad transplanted for his German apprenticeship.

For dates and details in the historic background I have relied upon Mr. Lawrence Gilman's admirable "Life," as for certain personal memories and characterizations. Also I have drawn some impressions from articles by MacDowell's friends, Mr. T. P. Currier in the *Musical Quarterly*; Mr. Tem-

FOREWORD

pleton Strong in *The Music Student*; Mr. Henry T. Finck in "Creative Americans"; Mr. James Huneker's essay on "The Passing of Edward MacDowell" in his volume "Unicorns"; O. G. T. Sonneck's "Suum Cuique."

For permission to quote MacDowell's verses, published by Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston, 1908, I owe gratitude to that publishing house with its proud record of long friendship with MacDowell as composer and man.

A. F. B.

Peterborough, 1922.

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THE BOYHOOD OF
EDWARD MACDOWELL

THE BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MAC DOWELL

I

OVERTURE

"A House of Dreams untold,
That looks out over the whispering tree-tops
And faces the setting sun."

—*MacDowell.*

I KNOW where there is a wonderful little log cabin in the middle of a dark, ferny, lonesome wood,—a regular fairy-forest. The house, high up on stilts, with its open balcony, looks rather like a dwarf Swiss chalet, the kind they imitate in toys and use for match-boxes. But still more it looks like a house out of a fairy-tale, where the Old Witch used to hide the little Princess. Or it might be the house where the Seven Dwarfs lived. Or it might be the "house we built for Wendy," in *Peter Pan*.

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

It would make a grand play hut, or a camp, or a scout cabin. For it has, beside other things, a spring of its own. The spring is down below the cabin in a stone-lined hollow, and there is always a drinking cup beside it. It is a bubbling spring, for all the world like a magic well. For the water is as clear as glass and as cold as ice, even on a summer day when the tune of the locust sizzles in the heat. And when you taste this water it makes you think of strange things.

Behind the cabin runs the old wood trail, down which the first logs were hauled. It seems like a wild path along which in bygone days the stealthy Redmen might have padded in single file, on cat-like feet, going to war. You can imagine them now, crouching behind the trunks of the great trees that surround the cabin or stealing away through the underbrush.

Shadows flicker and pass through the dim green. There are queer sounds in the bushes, whispers in the trees. Now and again a flower-stalk quivers as if some unseen pres-

OVERTURE

ence touched it lightly. It is just the place in which to look for elves and fairies, dryads and mischievous brown fawns,—if you like to hunt such small deer. The Master for whom this house was built declared he often felt them near. For, besides being a log cabin that you can touch, it is a House of Dreams, which you can only feel.

Now, if you should happen to take the right train out-of-the-world; and if you should find your proper way to a certain hill-crest, when you had reached the station among young mountains; and if you did not get lost in the winding paths of the mysterious wood of which I have been telling,—you might come suddenly upon this cabin perched high and apparently empty. You would certainly be tempted to climb up on the platform and look about. And you would probably try the latch of the little bark door. But it would be locked. Then, I am sure, however polite you are, you could not help peeping in at the latticed window, hung with cobwebs outside,—(for the spiders are curious,

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

too). You would flatten your nose against the glass and stare, long and eagerly, into the dim interior, trying to make out what was there. And if you did not know what I am going to tell you in this book, I am sure you would be surprised and puzzled and you would whisper,—

“Surely, at last I have found the home of the fairies? This cannot be real. It must be the house of a fairy-tale. Look! I can almost see the story. Hush! I can almost hear it in faint music!”

Perhaps you will hear and see a Dream. That would not be strange. These woods and this house are full of them. But there is something else behind the dreams.

There is in that tiny room a small chimney-place with its fire-dogs. In one corner is a little cot, there are waiting chairs and tables. But it all looks deserted and lonesome. This sounds like the “Three Bears,” does it not? When will the Master come back? What kind of person is he?

The Master of this wee house will not come

OVERTURE

back. He does not need to. He has made his beautiful dreams and has left them behind him instead; dreams which not only fill this little cabin but which float out through the woods and wander singing around the whole world.

For the person who lay on the little cot and listened to the harmony of the woods; he who sat in the little chair before the fire and saw wondrous pictures in the embers; he who leaned on the little table to write into music the thoughts that came to him, was Edward MacDowell, the great American composer. It is his beautiful life of devotion to an ideal that is behind everything in his house of dreams. And this book is to be the story of that life in its boyhood. Indeed, the heart of boyhood beat throughout the whole of MacDowell's life.

II

A QUAKER HOME

"At his cradle poetry and music presided."

DECEMBER seems the right month for the birthday of a real Christmas child with his hands full of gifts. And on December 18, 1861, just a week before Christmas, Edward MacDowell was born, a tiny, delicate baby, in New York City. He came indeed with his hands full of gifts, but they were gifts that nobody yet could see.

A mother, father, and a little brother three years older than himself were eagerly awaiting him. But at first he was a disappointment and an anxiety, being so fragile that they feared he could never be kept alive. For a long time beyond babyhood he could not walk like other children, but had to be carried in

A QUAKER HOME

somebody's arms. But he was going to surprise everybody in more ways than one.

This weak and puny infant was going to grow into a lively, vigorous boy, full of mischief and vitality. He was going to be able to beat the other fellows at athletics when he chose, and later he was going to be able to turn out more work in a day than almost any man. Finally, he was going to become a master of music, the first great composer of his country. But no one could have imagined this on that December morning when the little baby's first sickly cry was heard.

What kind of world had he come into, this frail little dreamer with the big blue eyes, which were the first thing anyone noticed about him? What sort of home was it in which he was to begin his fairy-blessed life? How was he going to get hold of the stuff from which beautiful musical dreams are made?

His life begins, as many fairy-tales do, with the hero living in what seems precisely the wrong place. Not in wild country which

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

his soul always loved; not in luxury, or in an "artistic" home; not in a family that understood him well; not even in a musical neighborhood of a musical city;—but in a simple Quaker home of New York, MacDowell was born.

In 1861 New York was a very different place from what it is to-day. It was more like a country village than like the great city it now is, the second largest in the world. It is not so very long ago, according to years. Many persons are alive who well remember those days. But so many changes have taken place, such wonderful inventions have come like magic, and so much history has been written since then, that the world seems quite made over from what it was sixty years ago. And perhaps no part of the world has changed more than New York City.

That was before the subways had burrowed deep down underground and before the tallest of skyscrapers had climbed half a hundred stories above it. There were hardly anywhere to be found elevated trains, or telephones, or

A QUAKER HOME

electric lights. "Canned music," and pictures that moved had never been heard of. Nobody had ever seen a motor-car in those days, or even an electric tram. If anyone had talked of an aeroplane or of a submarine boat or of "wireless," he would have been laughed at as if he were telling a fairy-story.

Yet all these fairy-stories have since become real enough, caught and wound up and set to going by dreamers of a different kind from the boy whose story this is to be. They were dreamers of engineering and mechanics, and physics, and chemistry; great and admirable inventors. But America needed other kinds of dreamers as well, her dreamers of beauty. She still greatly needs them; poets and painters and sculptors. She still needs more great musicians such as MacDowell was to become.

In December, 1861, a quiet Quaker family was living at 220 Clinton Street in New York. That is, Mr. Thomas MacDowell, whose house it was, had been brought up a strict Quaker.

Clinton Street is far "down town" towards

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

the Bowery, in the heart of what is now one of the most crowded tenement districts of New York. Foreigners from every corner of Europe have drifted there, bringing many foreign ways. But in those days it was almost a "fashionable" neighborhood, where pleasant, friendly, American-born people dwelt comfortably, though very simply. At that time Clinton Street was shaded on both sides by handsome trees. It was a very clean and respectable street. The low brick houses standing in solemn rows with their white stoops and squat chimneys suggested the smug Dutch burghers who had first settled this part of the land; stout, red-faced men who wore broad-brimmed hats and baggy knickerbockers and buckled shoes, and who smoked fat pipes. But in those later days the burghers were gone. Instead, many persons in Clinton Street were Quakers, like the MacDowells. Broad-brimmed hats were still worn in Clinton Street, and quaint, sober-colored frocks, unlike the fashion of the day. But the faces under the hat-brims were very different

A QUAKER HOME

from the hard-headed Dutchmen. The sweet-faced ladies in gray, with their poke bonnets and prim kerchiefs, were still less like the blowsy Dutch *vrouwen*.

The Quakers, or Friends, as they called themselves, were devout and serious folk who liked plain speech, plain colors, plain living. They did not believe in music and painting and dancing. They did not believe in fairies and cared very little for dreams, unless they should be Quaker dreams. But there was something beautiful and other-worldly in their belief; something fine, generous and noble. After all, Edward's feeling of another world about him, peopled with things unseen, not to be touched or measured,—this world in which he played his part, was closely related to the Quaker faith in which he had been born. Beyond the quiet of the Friends was a deep mysticism. Edward grew up in that, and it always greatly influenced his music.

The Quakers were gentle people, lovers of peace and goodness. Above all things they hated war and bloodshed. At the time of Ed-

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

ward's birth a terrible war was raging in America, brothers of the North against brothers of the South. The Quakers refused to fight in any cause whatever. They would do splendid brave work for the suffering in field and hospital; they would feed the hungry and clothe the ragged and nurse the sick, as they had always done. But they would not fight. (In this respect Edward was not quite like them, as will appear later.)

The Quakers went to the Friends' meeting-house. Probably the neighboring picturesque St. George's Church would have pleased a little dreamer better. For it had colored windows that made pictures and told stories, lovely music and splendid-sounding words for the services. All these were things that Edward MacDowell cared for till the end of his life. But the Quaker meeting-house was plain and bare inside. Hard, high-backed benches and four square walls created there an atmosphere of peace and quiet. But what lively little boy is looking for an atmosphere just of peace and quiet?

A QUAKER HOME

Edward's earliest memories were of long Quaker meetings which he had to attend even as a tiny child. The men in their dull shadow-colored clothes sat primly on one side of the meeting-house; the women in their fog-tinted frocks sat primly on the other side. There was no sermon. There were no prayers; no singing; no music of any kind. Frequently there was only silence for hours, while the congregation waited for the Spirit to move, and while a little boy had to sit very still. He must have been very sensitive to the mystical thrill that swept them all when the great moment came. But he never forgot those long, quiet meetings, with no escape. It made him inclined when he grew older always to sit near the door of any church he entered; to keep as far away as possible from the front, even when there was beautiful music and color and ceremonial to enjoy. He wanted to be able to escape, as once upon a time a tired, dreamy little boy had not been able to do. For his father and his grandfather especially were

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

strict Quakers. And in those days Edward had to do as the other Quaker children did.

Though the MacDowell home was strict in those earliest days, it was not stern. Father and Mother loved their children dearly, though they did not perhaps show it in caresses and endearments which the Quakers thought silly. There was a maid-servant to share the work. There was also, beside Edward, the mischief-loving brother named Walter, three years his senior. Indeed, both boys were full of fun, dearly loving a joke, and often getting into scrapes. It was not too solemn a home. But there were no pets in the orderly household, and how Edward would have loved pets! He had to wait for these, however, until he had a home of his own.

There was much going to meeting, much seriousness, and study and work in the house on Clinton Street. Mr. Thomas MacDowell was a business man, and he believed in work. But he liked other things too. There were plenty of games to play and plenty of story-books. Father and Mother MacDowell both

A QUAKER HOME

loved books. And Edward was no age at all when he, too, began to love them. As a small child, he was often to be found on the floor of the library with a book spread out on the carpet before him, forgetting everything as he looked at the pictures. Pictures were his first love; then the stories that went with the pictures. It was in these books that he found the fairies who remained his friends as long as he lived. He always believed in them, and they rewarded him, so it seemed, with something of their magic. They kept him from ever quite growing up. And they made a dream-world for him to live in.

The little boy played in this world about which very few of his friends or even his family knew. It was peopled with the creatures out of his favorite story-books, and with others of his own invention, who were often more real to him than were the dull persons he met along the streets, busy in doing stupid things for stupid reasons.

One night when he was about seven years old, his mother went up to the room where her

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

two little boys were sleeping in one bed, to be sure they were safely tucked in. In the dim light she spied something strange on the counterpane between them. She bent low to examine it, and what was her amazement to find a long, cold shining sword drawn from its scabbard, lying between Walter and Edward. Probably she made a sudden frightened movement. Edward opened his eyes with a start, and his hand went out to the sword.

"What does this mean, Edward?" asked his mother severely.

"Oh! It's only you, Mother? Why, you see it's my naked sword. Don't you know the Knight in the story always took his 'naked sword' to bed with him so as to be ready? I keep it here to defend Walter in case any monster should come to attack us in the night."

It was absolutely real to him. For him the elves and fays, gnomes and dryads, dragons and djinns and mermaids still inhabited the woods and trees, lurked in the roots of the

A QUAKER HOME

mountains or in haunted belfries, or in the depths of the sea. He never outgrew their good society. He felt them near him when he was alone. Indeed, he never was entirely alone, for these dreams companioned him just as truly as any playmates can do. Often they carried him and his thoughts as if on a magic carpet to the lands of "once upon a time," which he had never visited, but which he hoped some day to see with his own eyes.

I have handled some of the very books which he loved when he was a little boy. There was Laboulaye's *Fairy Tales*, a fat book bound in green, given him when he was eight. The pictures are nicely colored by Edward's own hand. Then there were Hans Andersen, and "Water Babies," "Irish Fairy Tales," legends of all lands,—many of our own best friends.

And there were other stories which in those days read like fairy-books, though now the wonders that happened in Jules Verne's tales seem quite the ordinary doings of every day. He especially loved "Twenty Thousand

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

Leagues Under the Sea,"—the sea fascinated him always. (He knew about submarines before they were invented!) He liked "A Journey to the Center of the Earth," and all that jolly set. He adored books of travel and natural history. "The Banks of the Amazon" was given him by his first music teacher, who had come from Amazon land. Like "The Young Naturalist" that book is worn and the pictures are carefully colored. They are not torn and dirty and thumbed to pieces like many children's books I have seen. He treated his book-friends respectfully. The pictures are not splashed and smeared with paint, but are touched by deft fingers. The colors are nicely chosen and put on with an artist's taste. For he was always an artist, was that small boy. And he was fussy as a girl about dirt and disorder, though he was by no means a "molly." He simply hated everything ugly and disagreeable and nasty; whether it was a spot on his clothes or a hateful word or a mean deed. He could never bear anything coarse or common, because his

A QUAKER HOME

mind was full of beauty. He just naturally liked the best of everything. And he began by liking the best books.

But though Edward loved books, he did not spend all his time indoors. He would never have grown up to be such a big strong fellow in that case. Clinton Street was a pleasant place for a child to play in, with its rows of tall elms. Perhaps these city trees, peering in at his nursery windows, were his first green friends, the beginning of his love for everything that grew. He was always especially fond of trees. They seemed persons to him. And never in all his life could MacDowell bear to have a tree bruised or cut. He believed it hurt their dryad-spirits as well as their beautiful bodies. When he came to have a garden of his own it used to make him feel badly if some of the flowers were watered while others were made to wait. He fancied the neglected ones felt hurt.

In Clinton Street he learned to play marbles and ball and other games. He was fond of lively play and exercise of all kinds. Then,

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

as he grew older, there was the East River and the Battery close by to give him a sight of tide-water and the smell of that terrible friend, the Sea.

And then there was Central Park, which later became his familiar playground.

III

THE PICNIC

How did it happen that this little Quaker, born in this Quaker home in the Quaker neighborhood, going perforce to the Quaker meeting-house, taught his first lessons by a Quaker father and a double-dyed Quaker grandfather, came to have tastes so different from the other Quakers? Why did he love music and drawing and bright colors and fairy-tales and wandering adventures? Where did he get his sense of fun that was one of the strongest qualities about him? Probably his parentage had much to do with it. Edward MacDowell came of a race of dreamers.

A mixture of Scotch and Irish, that was the MacDowell blood. The first adventurers of the family to reach America had sailed over from Scotland and from Ireland, two lands

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

that have always builded brains full of the love of beauty and books, myths and tunes. He came of a race that loved and yet dreaded the sea, and that made quick friends with nature.

Good Quaker though he was, once Edward's father himself had been a dreamer. When Mr. Thomas MacDowell was a little boy, he could draw and paint very nicely as his son did after him, and he wanted dearly to be an artist. But Grandfather MacDowell, who was the sternest of all the stern pillars of the Friends' Church, would not hear a word of his son's becoming a painter. Nonsense! He was bound that Thomas should be a business man, doing "real work" in the world. He did not call the making of art of any sort "real work." There will always be people in the world who feel as he did. So with a sigh Thomas laid down his brushes and colors and finally became a business man, going to his office in the city every day. But he would much rather have been out of doors painting



EDWARD'S PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER,
DRAWN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN

THE PICNIC

the fields and flowers and streams that he loved.

Probably this father understood well why his son should love fairy-tales and music and drawing-things. Probably that is why, as time went on, he grew less and less strict and was willing to let the boy enjoy his dreams in his own way. It was probably Edward's father who gave him his first taste of the country and green fields, about which his mother cared little. For Thomas always loved outdoors, just as his son did, and was never so happy as when going on an excursion or picnic with his family to some country place in the neighborhood.

"What does thee think, Mother? Shall it be Spuyten Duyvel or Central Park to-day? Our little Edward has never seen Central Park yet. Let us go there. Will thee prepare a luncheon for us?"

We can imagine a holiday afternoon in springtime. Thomas MacDowell had been working in his office all the week and was hungry for green fields. Central Park seemed

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

away off in the country from Clinton Street; though it is really only about three miles distant, and is now in the heart of the city that has grown up around it. The Park was just being laid out when MacDowell was a baby, eight hundred acres of open land enclosed behind iron fences, to be kept forever safe for those who love green spaces and open sky.

The MacDowells did not whisk away from Clinton Street in an automobile, which nowadays could make the distance in a few minutes. Nobody had automobiles in those days. They did not put up a nice hot luncheon in motor-hampers. They had no comforting thermos bottles to keep coffee hot for the grown-ups, and milk cold for the children. Such luxurious picnic-trimmings had never been heard of at that time. The trip to Central Park three miles away was a real journey, made by carriage.

Mr. MacDowell hitched up old Whitey, the ancient white family nag, to the old-fashioned carry-all. They all piled in, Mother and little Edward on the back seat, Father

THE PICNIC

and the lively young Walter occupying the front seat.

"Will thee hand up the basket, Mary?" The maid-servant came out and stood on the sidewalk to see them off. "Get up, Whitey! Get up!"

Jog, jog! Jog, jog! They turned the corner, waving their hands to Mary. It would seem to us a snail's pace at which they went. But—"what a fine day it is going to be! How green the trees are, along the streets! They will be still finer in the Park. Perhaps thee will see a squirrel, Edward."

The streets were full of anxious-looking people. For the war was still raging, and New York had other troubles of its own, too. Now and then they passed marching soldiers in blue uniforms and caps, or an officer in a broad-brimmed felt hat, with a shining sword. They did not look much like the soldiers of our day, all brown as sand-men.

But the people out of uniform were the queerest! There were ladies swinging along the sidewalks in hoop skirts and broad-

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

brimmed leghorn hats, leading little girls in pantalets and little boys in funny short jackets. There were older men in tall hats and tight trousers, with lemon-colored gloves.

The carry-all went down the busy streets lined with stores, past excited newspaper offices and banks that were trying not to be nervous. They reached the broad Avenue that ran straight up through the city, lined with beautiful houses on each side. The further they went, the more country-like and beautiful New York seemed, until at last they sighted the green trees and broad acres of Central Park itself. Oh, the blossomy bushes and flower-beds! Oh, the pretty lake and baby hills and friendly woods! Oh, the little paths leading to quiet greenswards, where one could sit down and forget brick and pavement! It was almost like the wild country, where Grandfather MacDowell had his farm that the boys must visit some day.

"Oh, Father! I hear something singing!"

"It is a bird, Edward. Thee likes the sound?"

THE PICNIC

They unhitched old Whitey and turned him out to graze. They sat on the grass and picked dandelions. There were squirrels and birds, perhaps even a flock of sheep. By and by they ate their cold luncheon, which tasted better than ever food does under a roof. And the little boys ran around through the bushes and under the trees, shouting with happiness.

When the shadows lengthened and it was time to hitch up old Whitey and jog back home, Edward said:

"I don't want to go home! I want to stay where the green fields and the trees are, and where the birds sing!"

"Thee must go home, Edward," his father sighed. For he, too, would have liked to stay. "Maybe some day thee will go to live in the country. But now we must return to Clinton Street. The Park will stay here always. Thee shall come again, my son."

With this promise the child had to be content at the time.

IV

THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON

EDWARD'S mother was no Quaker. She was a very different sort of person, and a very remarkable one. She was not in the least "artistic," like her husband and her son. But she was lively and energetic, witty, brilliant, brisk and ambitious. She had been born in the country, and perhaps she had grown tired of it. At any rate, she never cared for it after she had once left it for the city. Her parents were English folk, with English grit, firmness and perseverance.

She had been very young and beautiful and full of life when she came to live in Grandfather MacDowell's family, among those strict and quiet Quakers. All the MacDowell boys found the pretty Miss Frances Knapp fascinatingly different from the quiet Friends



MACDOWELL'S MOTHER
(From a photograph by Aimé Dupont)

THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON

they knew. Presently she agreed to marry Thomas, who was a very handsome fellow. They were a splendid-looking couple when they walked out together. No wonder their son was so good to look at.

Edward's mother loved him dearly. But she was not the sort of woman to show it by petting and spoiling him. She left that to his Aunt Emily. But she would make any sacrifice to get him what she thought best for him to have. She was determined that he should become famous. And after he grew strong and well, it was she who, year in and year out, kept him at his work until her wish was realized.

To show that the MacDowell children were real boys and often naughty ones, too, there is a story about toys. Their mother did not have money to throw away; the MacDowells were anything but rich. But one Christmas she planned to give her children a generous treat, and maybe spent more than she thought she ought to do on some mechanical toys. Perhaps she had an idea that she might dis-

BOYHOOD OF EDWARD MACDOWELL

cover in this way if either of the children had the beginnings of the kind of dreaming that makes inventions. If so, she was disappointed.

When they had played nearly all day with the expensive toys, Walter and Edward grew tired of them and pushed them away. After all, the charm of toys that "go" by themselves is soon exhausted.

"Now let's smash 'em!" cried one of the children,—probably Walter, the mischievous. And on the word both began to break up the toys that had meant so much saving on the mother's part. There would have been nothing left but a little heap of junk, had not that lady returned just in time to put a stop to the doings of the young Bolsheviks. Probably by this experience she learned not to waste expensive toys on her youngsters.

When she found that her younger son liked to draw and paint, that he loved music and books, she encouraged and helped him,—not at all as Grandfather MacDowell approved. It was she who bought Edward his first fairy-

THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON

book. It was she who gave him his famous Sketch Book, which he immediately began to fill with his clever drawings. And it was she who put him at his music, which no real Quaker mother would have done.

She was not a dreamer herself. But with her splendid strength and will and courage she could help the boy to realize his dreams, until he dreamed so far beyond her that she could no longer keep up with him.

When he was between three and four years old, and was growing into a lively, sturdy little fellow, he went with his mother and brother to visit his Grandfather MacDowell at his farm near Washingtonville, New York. His cousin, Charles MacDowell, who was a year older than Walter, went also. And it was this cousin who has remembered and told about what was perhaps little Edward's first music lesson.

It was in the winter time of 1864-5, the last year of the Civil War; a cold and frosty morning, when Charles MacDowell arrived at his grandfather's house. The tempting smell of

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Grandmother's fried potatoes came through the kitchen doorway and made him very hungry. And while the three children waited for the appetizing breakfast to be ready, Edward's mother stood the little boys up in a row and gave them a music lesson. She taught them one of the war-songs that everybody in the North was humming:

"In my prison cell I sit, thinking, Mother dear, of you,"
with its stirring, well-marked chorus:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching
Cheer up, Comrades! They will come, they will come!"

She explained to the little boys that the Comrades were Union soldiers shut up in a Southern prison. Then she marched the trio round and round the room, making them step to the lively tune they were singing, and keeping time with the clapping of her hands, for there was no piano in the house. Grandfather MacDowell was a very strict Quaker, as I have said, who disapproved of secular music. One wonders how he liked the sound of those

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shrill boyish voices and the tramping feet in the dining room. Perhaps he did not hear. Grandfather may have been out in the barn feeding the "critters," milking the cows, while his wife got that tempting breakfast. So he may have missed the early morning concert.

Edward was the youngest of the three children, hardly more than a baby at that time. But he followed the others with meek obedience. And he succeeded better than either of them in keeping the step, and far better in carrying the tune. Already he had the sense of rhythm and the sense of melody. For he was born with a musician's ear.

It may have been at this time, while they were away from home, that his mother began first to suspect the musical talent of her younger son, and resolved to make a musician of him.

This was also, perhaps, little Edward's first lesson in patriotism; a lesson which he never forgot. For this Quaker boy, who never could bear to see anything suffer, even a tree

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or flower, had been born in war time, and was a sturdy champion who would not stand injustice or allow a wrong, if he could help it. He was an ardent American, and to the end of his life the honor and glory of his country were very dear to him.

One day when he was about seven years old he was nicely dressed by his mother in fresh, clean clothes, and went out on the street to play. Exactly what happened nobody knows. But in a few minutes Mrs. MacDowell was startled by a terrible uproar and bellowing from the street. Running to the front door she found her son in his clean clothes rolling in the gutter. He had been punishing a foreign street-urchin who had said insulting things about the American Flag. That was something which, Quaker or no Quaker, he could not stand. Not even his innate desire to keep clean had prevented the young knight from acting like a loyal American. He never thought of possible consequences to himself in such a case.

A similar thing happened, or very nearly

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happened, years later when MacDowell was studying music in Germany. He was walking down the boulevard with a friend, a very slim and simple, plain-looking boy. Along came a pompous German policeman, and made a slighting remark about the young American as he passed the pair. Instantly MacDowell flew at the officer. He would not have his friend insulted! It was lucky for the hot-tempered lad that his friends succeeded in pulling him away before he had a chance to use his splendid strength on the bully. In those days a foreigner could not safely argue with a representative of the law in the "Fatherland," not even if one had the right on his side. The American would certainly have been landed in jail had not his friends been cooler than he. But he was not thinking about that. MacDowell was always ready to defend his friendships with his strong musician's fist, most un-Quaker like.

But this happened many years later, far from Clinton Street.

V

NAUGHTY BOYS

YOU see, Edward did not long remain a weakling. The shy, sensitive, delicate child grew stronger and stronger every day. Though he was always dreamy, and never outgrew his liking for reading better than for any other amusement, he was a regular boy, fond of all kinds of games and out-door sports. To be sure, he had a way of disappearing occasionally from the family circle, and would be found stretched out on the floor in the attic reading a fairy-book. But not even a book could hold him when the fire-bells rang, and the engine went clanging down the street. As long as he lived he loved to run to fires.

Central Park, which had given him his first taste of the country, became a favorite playground of the MacDowell boys, Walter, Ed-



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NAUGHTY BOYS

ward and their cousin Charles. It did not seem quite so far away nowadays as when they had gone jogging there with old Whitey in the family carry-all. They could make excursions there quite by themselves.

One Saturday holiday when Edward was about eight years old, the three boys decided to take their luncheons and spend the day in the Park. They wanted to explore it more thoroughly than they had ever done before. It was a day of discovery. They found several wonderful new spots that seemed to them like places out of Jules Verne's stories, or "The Banks of the Amazon." Among the rocks and trees of the Ramble north of the Lake, they came upon a wild and dangerous nook, far from home. Then they looked for the their luncheon, feeling very brave indeed, and far from home. Then they looked for "the Cave, on the edge of the lake. They had peeped into it once before when they were very little boys, and it had seemed a dark and fearsome den. But now they were big fellows, determined to explore it thoroughly.

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Suddenly, through the darkness they caught the gleam of two staring eyes! Another pair and another! Their hearts leaped into their mouths. The cave was not empty—far from it. What could it be? There was a whirl of wings and a fluttering in the dark. The cave was full of round-eyed, staring owls, waiting for the night time to go abroad for food. But in the dark cave the owls could see the three boys before the boys saw them. They made a great commotion, all together. But it was the owls who were most frightened. When the boys saw what it really was, they said “Pooh!” bravely.

Presently the trio became more venturesome still. They imagined themselves bandits. What was the law to them? They held a council just outside the darkness of the cave to decide what mischief they should take in hand.

In the lake were undoubtedly fish. But fishing was strictly forbidden in the Park. It was the bold bad Walter who suggested that

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they should go fishing, law or no law! "Fine!" agreed the other outlaws. But where were they to get tackle and bait?

A search was instituted. After much trouble they brought to light two pins concealed somewhere in the apparel of the three. Bent into shape these made proper fish-hooks. But now for lines,—they had no cord nor string of any sort. What was to be done? They organized a hunt in the neighboring bushes, which resulted in some one of them finding a bit of muslin about eight inches square. This the boys unraveled, and the threads tied together made satisfactory lines. The perfectly good fish-hooks were attached to these—and there they were. A small branch fallen from a tree was soon converted into a fishing-rod. And there were plenty of flies for bait.

The three boys took turns, in true outlaw fashion, two at fishing, one standing on the lookout for meddlesome citizens or cross police. The fish were hungry and bit well. A small catfish was landed wriggling on the

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shore and was safely transferred to the lunch-eon-basket. The amateur fishermen were delighted. Presently another,—what luck! Soon they had three or four catfish and five sunfish. They were small, to be sure. But to the three city boys they seemed a precious haul. They dreamed of providing their respective families with a rich feast. When it was time to go they proudly lugged home that full basket, taking turns in carrying it, with a delicious sense of mystery and triumphant buccaneering. A fearful disappointment awaited them at home.

“Mother!” “Auntie! Look at our fish!”

“Why, where did you get them, boys?” There was silence, then half guilty snickers. But when Mrs. MacDowell lifted the paper that covered the catch, she gave a gasp.

“Catfish!” she cried, with wrinkled nose, eyeing the ugly creatures. “Sunfish! They are not fit to eat!” And she would not have the worthless fish cooked. But instead of scolding the youngsters for their escapade,

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she found the story of their marvelous adventures very funny, and laughed well over it. As for their cleverness in catching those fish, she must have admired that, at any rate.

Edward never got over his fondness for fishing, which began on that occasion.

VI

A BEGINNING

NEW things were happening in the Quaker home of the MacDowells. A piano had come there to live. And Edward was beginning to play on it. He began his regular music lessons when he was about eight, and it happened in this wise.

There came to New York at this time a South American gentleman who had great musical talent and a picturesque, Spanish-like appearance, as is shown in Edward's frequent sketches of him. He was a native of Bogota in Colombia, and he had run away from home because he did not want to be made a priest, but did want to study music. He could play several instruments, including the piano, but he was eager to become a famous violin impresario. He lacked the training, to get

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which he needed study in Europe. But he lacked money to get to Europe. Meantime in New York he met Madame MacDowell, with her newly formed ambition for her son. She was hospitably kind to him and invited him to Clinton Street. Señor Juan Buitrago showed great interest in her boy's growing musical talent and wanted to teach him. It ended in the mother inviting him to come and stay with the MacDowells and teach Edward to play the piano.

Then began a new life in the Quaker household. Grandfather MacDowell was scandalized.

"Music! Will thee make a miserable musician of that boy? He ought to be learning some useful work. Music is not work. The only musician who works is the hand-organ man with a monkey. He at least turns a crank for his money!"

Thus actually spoke the grandfather of a great composer!

But Señor Buitrago had taken a great fancy to the boy and was eager to have him for a

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pupil. And Madame MacDowell was eager to have him begin.

Begin they did. The lessons were rather irregular, but fascinating to Edward. Buitrago was more of an artist than a methodical teacher, and his ways were sometimes queer, but he was devoted to his pupil and to music. Edward always shared his enthusiasm, which was catching, but he was certainly no musical prodigy. He loved music, but like most children he hated to practise. Already he had a disconcerting way of making tunes of his own, instead of playing the music set before him. He was working out his dreams which were always crowding into his head. They came so fast and so many that he tried all sorts of ways to work them out. Sometimes he did it with his pencil, sometimes with his pen. He was always making up some story or picture, covering the blank pages of his music books and exercises. And it was annoying to his teacher to find that the boy had often been spending his time sketching Buitrago's picturesque features while the latter was showing

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him how a piece ought to be played. Sometimes his mother had to coax him to practise with promise of extra reading-time, or with a new book for a prize. And once he did a dreadful thing, though he did not at the time realize how bad it was.

An old lady came one day to call on Madame MacDowell. Hearing the sound of a piano in the drawing room she supposed of course it was the boy practising. To be sure, they were very strange sounds which she heard, more like the banging of a bad child who cared only about making a noise. This surprised her, for already Edward's musical gift was talked about in the neighborhood.

But when the old lady entered the room itself she was still more shocked. There was Edward lying flat on his stomach on the carpet, reading from a new and entrancing book; completely deaf to the dreadful sounds which his brother Walter was making on the piano. For it was Walter who was doing the practising in Edward's hour. He had been bribed! Edward had given him two pennies

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to play on the piano and make a sufficiently continuous noise to catch the family ears, while he himself went on with his too-absorbing story.

One can imagine that he never did this sort of thing but once, after their mother had explained the kind of cheating it was. For he was really the soul of honor, and never could bear mean ways and cowardly fibs.

There were other things that Edward could not bear. He hated nick-names; he could not bear to be called "Ed" or "Eddie." He hated to be caressed; he could scarcely bear even to be touched. And he hated dancing school. Nevertheless, to dancing school he had to go. And like other things which he did not like, when he found he must, he tackled it and made a success of it. Probably he hated dancing school because he was naturally so shy and sensitive. But he had an ear for time and tune, and he must have liked moving with the music. Perhaps he would have enjoyed dancing for its own sake if he could have pirouetted out of doors on the grass, or in the

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woods, or on smooth sand, like a fairy or a faun. For he danced very well indeed.

When MacDowell began to write music he made several gay little dances such as he imagined the fairies might have enjoyed. You must hear and play sometime the music of his "Elves" and "Nymphs" and "Dryads" dances. He made a "Shadow Dance," too, and a funny broomstick dance of the Witches, and several dances of the Gnomes. He seemed to have a fellow-feeling for those brown wood-people who live in the shadow among the roots of the trees. They are shy, too. This is the Gnome poem which he made up to go with one of his musical pieces:

DANCE OF GNOMES

From the shadow through the moonlight
In the forest's gloomy glades,
Dainty dances often have we,
In the midnight's balmy shades.

Flower-Fairies, proud, frail mockers,
Call us "hairy imps."
Could we snare ye in our circle
Where your magic halts and limps,

Then, gay Flaunters, would we teach ye
How all true love conquers kind.

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Our long beards and "ugly noddles"
Would be lovely to your mind.

Ha! Laugh on ye wilful hussies!
Play your pranks on other guys.
While the moonbeams light our gambols
We can live without your eyes!

One of his best friends was a little girl named Mary Warner. They went to dancing school together, and he was very fond of her. The Quaker rule must have been greatly relaxed by this time in the MacDowell home. For old invitations in Edward's memorabilia book show that the children went to parties where they danced the "German," which was fashionable in those days. It was a sort of game-dance where the dancers wove all sorts of odd figures, and changed partners frequently. In some figures the girls had a chance bashfully to choose their own partners, and the children made presents to one another when they were so chosen. Edward must have been honored very often in the "German," and have collected many fancy toys (about which he probably cared very little). For he was not only a capital dancer, but he

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was a very good-looking boy, with his dark hair, pink cheeks and bright blue eyes. But then, he was so shy! Perhaps it made him uncomfortable to be chosen as a partner by the little girls. Perhaps he wanted to run away and hide, as he used sometimes to do at parties, years later, when people wanted to say nice things to him and flatter his playing.

He was usually rather afraid of girls, though they always liked him well.

VII

A FAMOUS VISITOR

It was through Edward's teacher, Mr. Buitrago, that the MacDowells met another person very different from the Quaker friends who used to frequent their quiet house. This was Madame Teresa Carreño, the brilliant and beautiful pianiste.

Just after Edward MacDowell was born, a little girl of nine came to New York from her Venezuelan home. Little Teresa was already a wonderful player of the piano, and as soon as she arrived she took New York by storm. She was a young prodigy, and very lovely to look at. Her concerts were crowded, and at every appearance she was overwhelmed with flowers and applause. She soon became famous throughout America, and so began a long and brilliant career which ended only a few years ago.

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She went abroad when she was fifteen, and was married there. But she returned to New York at about the time when Edward began his music lessons with Mr. Buitrago of Colombia. Teresa being a South American, and a warm friend of Mr. Buitrago, what more natural than that the teacher should invite the famous pianiste to come and hear his favorite pupil play?

At that time Mme. Carreño was about eighteen or nineteen, a very lively and fascinating young woman. She not only came to the MacDowell house and heard Edward play, but she took a great fancy to the handsome little boy, and quickly saw his talent and promise. And, what was a great honor and advantage to him,—though perhaps he did not appreciate it so much then as he would have done some years later,—she offered herself to give him a few piano lessons. Of course such an offer could not be refused. What a piece of luck for a little boy!

Mme. Carreño was in and out of the house frequently after that. She was an enchant-

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ing person, glowing in her warm Spanish beauty like a brilliant butterfly. The two foreign musicians must have raised the temperature considerably in those cool Quaker drawing rooms, and have created almost a tropical atmosphere about them.

Mme. Carreño was used to being adored and applauded. She was fiery and impetuous. Like a true Spaniard she liked to show her fondness for those she loved, and she took great pains to charm Edward with her graces and allurements, expecting to make him wild about her, as was everybody else. But he was proof against her sweet ways. Her affectionate manners annoyed him, and he did not even seem to find her beautiful. He liked better his little Mary Warner, with whom he went to dancing school. Especially he could not bear to have Madame kiss him, as she liked to do.

We may be sure that Mme. Carreño was not slow to see how he felt. Naturally at first it piqued her. But with her cleverness and mischief, she soon discovered that she had an unexpected weapon to use for her own pur-

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pose. The boy was annoying, he was not even diligent with his practising. If he was to take lessons of her he must be an obedient and faithful pupil. But with her, as with Buitrago, he was sometimes lazy and forgetful. Sometimes he did not play his lesson as well as his fair teacher thought he should. Then, instead of scolding him,—she kissed him! It was the fear of her caresses that made Edward work hard. The very thing that most persons would have called a reward of merit, acted with him in just the opposite way!

“Zis time, if you play zat not right, I kiss you, Edouard!” So the fascinating young creature would say, shaking her pretty head and showing her white teeth, with mischief in her eyes. And he would hasten disgustedly to do his best, in order to escape that dreadful punishment. She *shouldn't* kiss him!

Years later, with great enjoyment, Mme. Carreño used to tell the story of one such occasion when Edward got the better of her. She related it once to Dr. George Chadwick,

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head of the New England Conservatory of Music, who retold it afterward with gusto.

Edward, it seems, had been particularly lazy one day, playing his studies so badly that Madame not only threatened him with the above dire punishment, but proceeded to carry out her threat. Edward was too quick for her, however. He darted out of the room, down the stairs and out of the front door into the street, with his teacher at his heels. She chased him quite around the city block and back into the house again, doubtless to the great edification of the neighborhood. But though she was young and quick, she could not catch him that time. She told the story as a good joke on herself. Probably that was the end of the music lesson for that day.

Mme. Carreño always remained one of Edward's staunchest friends, and in after years he came to owe much to her interest and enthusiasm.

To the MacDowell boys with their Quaker ancestry and American manners, the exaggerated politeness and gesturing of the two

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South Americans, who were now so often under their roof, was both grotesque and silly. They could see nothing picturesque or pretty about the airs and graces, the poses and posturings that many found charming.

One day when Buitrago and Mme. Carreño were walking along the street together, talking in their soft, lisping tongue, expressing themselves not only with tone and look, but adding meaning with the movements of their whole bodies and limbs, they were unaware that the passersby were doubly amused. People stopped to look after them with smiles. But the artists probably thought only that they were attracting the usual attention that Mme. Carreño was accustomed to when she moved abroad. The fact was, however, that the two naughty MacDowell boys,—the irrepressible Walter and his younger brother who was apt to follow the leadership of his elder in all mischief,—were promenading just behind the musical pair, grimacing and gesturing, imitating their walk and manners, to the delight of everyone they met. It was

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not a polite thing to do, certainly. It was like the persons who exhibit their own bad manners in criticizing the bad manners of someone else,—the very thing that a few years later Edward found one of the most mortifying traits of his fellow-countrymen. But it must have been a very funny sight. Perhaps Mme. Carreño had been particularly affectionate that day, and Edward was correspondingly ferocious.

He did not have many lessons from Mme. Carreño. But whether he enjoyed her rewards of demerit or not, the inspiration of her magnetism and her musical genius must have been a stimulus to him at this time. In his Scrap Book, among his treasures, there is a photograph which she sent her little friend with an affectionate Spanish greeting. This he kept carefully all his life.

But of course at this time his study was not all music. In addition to his music and dancing lessons, he was going regularly to day school. Life had begun to be busy for him, and it never ceased from that time forth to

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be full of duties, side by side with his dreams.

He did not go to the Quaker school, but to the public school. The building is still standing; but odd to think of, it is now used as a school for the deaf and dumb! Every year these handicapped children celebrate MacDowell Day, in honor of the boy who used to study under that same roof. The Woman Who Knew Edward Best goes there and tells them about her famous husband. Though those boys and girls cannot actually hear a word she speaks, they watch her lips, and are able to understand what she is saying. Then she always plays some of his music for them. And in some mysterious way they are able really to enjoy it. It seems almost as if the music of the boy whose ears were so keen, and whose heart was so tender, reaches the souls of these less fortunate children, who are usually hindered from such pleasure. Perhaps his beautiful spirit sings to theirs, when the keys are touched by loving fingers.

He was a good scholar, but never a "prodigy" like Teresa Carreño. At nine he could

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not play as she did at that age. Boys who were far less clever in school than he often made a better showing and received higher marks. This happened throughout his life. When he outgrew his first mischievousness he became faithful and studious. His genius won its way by hard work. When he was ten he got a "certificate of merit" from his teacher. That was his last year in the public school.

He was always decorating his books with sketches and drawings, sometimes coloring the pictures beautifully. And at this time he began to be quite an artist with his paints and pencil, though he never took any lessons. He had a gift for drawing a likeness. He began also to write fairy stories of his own, and little poems which one hears were very good indeed. It is a pity that no one thought to preserve them.

He did not like to study. He liked better to be doing these things with his fingers, capturing the dreams that came ever-crowding into his brain. Or he liked to be playing out of doors. But his mother kept him busy at

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his lessons, and his own good sense and desire to succeed kept him from giving up wholly to his dreams and his impulses. All his life he practised this self-restraint. He was master of himself as well as master of music. He had a dogged determination to make of himself what he chose. Like Roosevelt, he made out of his originally frail body the frame and muscles of an athlete.

VIII

THE SHARPSHOOTER

EDWARD MACDOWELL won a great many prizes during his life. But the first one of all I am sure you would never have guessed.

It was when he was about ten years old. The MacDowells were then living on East Nineteenth Street, near Third Avenue. This is close by what is still the quaint, English-appearing neighborhood of old Gramercy Park with its trees and flower-beds, which the boy must have loved. He had begun to attend a well-known private school called *Institution Elie Charlier*, on East Twenty-Fourth Street, where he was learning French and many new things. But it was not a prize for French that made him the envied of the other children; not even a prize for music, in which he was growing accomplished, nor for

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his drawing or story-writing. He had many strings to his bow!

He was still a very quiet fellow,—almost too neat and elegant for a small boy, as it seemed to his cousin Charles, who came one day to visit Walter MacDowell. Perhaps the older boys were a little envious of the many things which their junior could already do so well. At any rate, as all three of them were together in an upper room of the house, Walter MacDowell, showing off somewhat patronizingly as an older brother is apt to do, said to his cousin,—

“What do you think Eddie has done now, Charles?”

“I don’t know. What?” was the answer.

“Eddie is a great boy!” cried Walter, half teasingly. “Look at this!” And he took from a bureau drawer what seemed to Charles a marvel of beauty and power,—a small pearl-handled, silver-mounted revolver!

“How would *you* like to win that in a shooting-match?” demanded Walter, handling the precious thing tenderly. “Eddie did it!”

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Walter was obviously proud of his little brother's achievement. But the latter smiled quietly and said nothing.

Charles remembers vividly with what a sense of importance he went with the two boys down to the back yard. With delight and reverence he was permitted to hold the magnificent weapon, while Walter arranged a card on the brick wall to serve as a target. They allowed themselves only a few shots apiece, for fear of attracting the notice of the neighbors, who might not approve of this amateur shooting-gallery exhibition. Of course Edward had to show just how he had won the prize. Charles was greatly impressed by his coolness and calmness in using and talking about the revolver. It seemed to the two older boys vastly more to be proud of than a trick of playing the piano!

The story of Edward's winning the revolver was this. He came home one day casually bringing the little weapon in his pocket. When his father sternly asked the boy how he had come by this most warlike implement, he

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replied that he had seen it hanging in the window of a shooting gallery on Third Avenue, with a notice attached saying that it was offered as a prize to the person who should make the best score at pistol-shooting that day. Edward said simply that he had gone in and won the prize.

Thomas MacDowell was amazed; he couldn't believe it. It seemed to him one of his son's fairy-stories. He imagined that for once he had caught the truth-telling boy in a lie. Immediately he sallied forth, taking the boy and the pistol, to identify if possible the proprietor of the shooting gallery. There was no difficulty in so doing. Edward led his father straight to the shop on Third Avenue. The owner greeted them warmly, and corroborated the boy's tale, saying that the little lad had beaten all the other marksmen and had fairly won the revolver by his skill as a sharpshooter. And he finished by congratulating Mr. MacDowell heartily on having so talented a son!

One cannot help wondering how the gentle

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Quaker father first took this uncoveted honor. In after years he was proud enough of the story. Still more one wonders how and where young Edward had learned to use a revolver with such skill. Had he been practising in secret? Possibly; but the fact is that he always excelled at games and sports of all kinds. He had a naturally quick eye and a steady hand. He would have made a wonderful "sportsman."

He kept the revolver for years, his first trophy of victory. It was finally taken from his home in Peterborough, to which he had carried many later prizes and treasures won in more ambitious contests. It was the only article ever stolen from that house, and was probably taken by some bad boy of the town, who wanted to play at being a cowboy.

IX

THE COUNTRY

EVERY year the MacDowell boys went for at least a fortnight's vacation in the country. Edward always looked forward eagerly to these visits. They were among the greatest pleasures of his boyhood. His Uncle Andrew and his Aunt Emily had a little farm at Millbrook, away up in the country of New York State, near the Catskill Mountains. It was a regular farm, where there were all sorts of animals and pets and little cousins to play with. Edward used to ride the latter around on his back, for he was very strong.

Moreover, his Aunt Emily was a great favorite of his. Gentle, soft and pretty, not at all "clever," she was as different as possible from her brilliant and witty sister, Edward's mother. She was very affectionate; but not

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like Mme. Carreño. Edward did not mind her ways, but thought everything she did exactly right. She loved to pet and spoil him, and in return he adored her. She always represented to him a picture of what was most beautiful, the "good fairy" of his childhood. He had not many intimate friends. His Aunt Emily was perhaps the dearest.

Aunt Emily's home was in the midst of wild country, with hills and woods near by and mountain streams in which to fish. Edward was completely at home, wholly happy in the country. He took to it as naturally as a duck to water. He loved the sound of the wind in the trees, the song of birds, the shadows of the clouds chasing across a green meadow. All these things found their way into his dreams, and were changed in after years into lovely music. You will find among his pieces many that bear names out of the wild woods and open country. There are "Forest Stillness," "In the Woods," "Woodland Sketches," "In Deep Woods," and many about what one sees in the world of

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nature; groups of flowers, "Will-o'-the-Wisp," "Eagle," "Brook," "Moonshine," "Silver Clouds," and other pictures in the book of the year.

He delighted in growing things, flowers and trees. The wild creatures easily became his friends. They were never much afraid of him. Perhaps they knew instinctively that he never could bear to see any creature suffer. He loved to watch them when they were unaware of him, studying their quaint ways.

In the distance loomed the mountains, the Catskills. And when the thunder rolled and reëchoed from those heights, people still said,—“There! You can hear Henrik Hudson and his men playing at nine-pins among the hills!” Edward loved the hills, where legends thrive. They put new dreams into his head.

It was always hard for him to go back to the city after these brief glimpses of the country. “Some day,” he said to himself, “I will live among the hills, where there are brooks and great trees. I will have a garden, and a

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horse and a dog. There shall be springs of water and sweet places where the fairies hide, and where wild creatures feel at home. And I will have a little house close by them in the woods, that they will hardly notice and never mind, because it will be so tiny and dark and lonely."

Maybe he was already dreaming of Hillcrest, and of a Cabin in the woods,—a dream which was to come true!

As he grew older and stronger, his music lessons grew harder, and his hours of practice longer. By this time Madame MacDowell was sure that her hope was justified, and that he would make a great pianist. She resolved to spare neither pains nor money to help this result. This would mean constant self-denial and hard work for her son from that time on.

After some lessons with "Uncle Buitrago," as Edward called his first music teacher, he had learned all that this devoted but rather flighty friend could teach him about playing the piano. Edward was then put to regular lessons with a professional teacher, Mr. Paul

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Desvernine. The latter was also a foreigner, born of a distinguished Cuban family.

It is odd to recall how many different lands and races contributed something to building a little American boy's dreams. At least three continents and two hemispheres; ancestors who were English, Scotch, Irish, and still others further back; teachers whose traditions were Spanish, French, German, Austrian, Hungarian; the culture of many lands. But the result was no less truly American; even as America is a blending of the good things from everywhere, while still remaining wonderfully Herself. So the American music of Edward MacDowell is copied from that of no other nation, but breathes his own full, rich nature, blended of them all with something unique besides.

Mr. Desvernine made Edward work very hard. The boy's arms were growing strong as hammers. He was a fine boxer and wrestler. And his hands, though small, were developing iron fingers. He would have made a wonderful baseball player. Indeed, he

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was very fond of the game. But he had to be careful of those precious hands of his, knowing they were the tools by which he must earn his living. They were also the delicate instruments for recording his musical dreams, though he did not yet realize that. He thought of his little musical compositions as he did of his pictures and stories and poems. They were things he loved to make. But he had been taught that time spent on such "little things" was time stolen from his piano practice, which was the important business of his life at present. He had no right, he thought, to waste too much care on trifles.

Already Edward was learning the lesson that you have to give up a good many fine things in order to get what you really want most of all.

One day when he and his mother were visiting Aunt Emily at Millbrook, he came downstairs ready to go shooting with the other boys. Perhaps he was carrying the very revolver which he had won at the shooting gal-

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lery when he was ten. He had never lost his old skill.

"Edward!" exclaimed his mother in horror. "You mustn't go hunting. Remember your hands! Supposing you should have an accident and shoot off one of your fingers! Such things do happen to careless boys. It would be bad enough in any case. But you certainly can't afford the risk of losing your precious fingers."

"I know how to shoot well enough." He wanted dreadfully to go with the others.

"But perhaps the other boys don't shoot as well as you," his mother shuddered. "It isn't enough to be careful yourself."

There was no use in arguing with Madame MacDowell, who was usually right.

"Very well, Mother," Edward laid away his weapon with a sigh, and took up a book instead. Perhaps he was less disappointed than most boys would have been, for he did not care about hunting for its own sake. But he did like to shoot.

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James Huneker wrote of him, he "loved, like Hazlitt, a fast and furious boxing match. The call of his soul won him for music and poetry. Otherwise he would have been a sea-captain, a soldier or an explorer in far-away countries. He had the physique; he had the big manly spirit."

X

"OCEAN, THOU MIGHTY MONSTER"

MEANWHILE a wonderful thing was about to happen. With all his love of travel-stories and his fondness for studying about strange lands and people, Edward had never been further away from New York than his Aunt Emily's farm. But when he was twelve years old, Mrs. MacDowell decided to treat her musical boy to a trip to Europe, and let him see a little of the world of which they had both only read. Perhaps she felt that he needed a longer vacation this year, after his hard season. Perhaps she wanted to test her son and find out what a taste of foreign life would do for him.

A trip to Europe! What wonderful words those were to the ear of a boy like Edward! It was as if a fairy had waved a magic wand

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and told him he was to have his Wish. What things he would see! What adventures he would have!

"Where shall we go, Mother? How long can we stay?"

People did not go abroad so easily or so often in 1874 as they did in after years. It was expensive. The MacDowells had to make their plans carefully in order to see as much as possible in the brief vacation season. There were some things they especially must do. There were some places Edward had set his heart on seeing. One could guess pretty well what these would be.

"Of course we must go to Ireland, the land of the Wee Folk! I want to see the Lakes of Killarney anyway." He knew about that enchanted Isle by heart. His ancestors had put a longing for it in his blood. And Scotland, too! A branch of the MacDowells had worn kilts, once upon a time. He must see the Highlands of Prince Charlie and Rob Roy, the haunted castles and bewitched heaths of romance. And bonnie England! Certainly

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both Edward and his English-descended mother were keen to visit the country of the Knapps, the mother-land of English speech in which most of their favorite books were written.

“And we must see France, of course, Mother. Don’t forget I can speak French now.” Yes, indeed! Did not Edward stand second in his French class when he left the *Institution Elie Charlier*? Switzerland they must visit on account of its kingly mountains, —Edward loved the mountains. And by all means, they would not forget the Rhine, that wonder of rivers, which flows through so many dream-kingdoms. And Germany, the land of music and legend! In those days the name meant to a little dreamer the heart of Fairyland and the home of harmony. Surely, they would go to Germany.

It is hard to stop adding to the tempting list when one is planning that “first trip abroad.” One has to sigh and leave out much, if one’s purse is rather slender and one’s summer rather short. But a slender purse and a full

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brain are better baggage than a fat pocket-book and an empty head, when one goes to see the things that are worth while. Our twelve-year-old Edward had read more books than many persons twice his age. He understood what he wanted. He was ripe for the great adventure, and he deserved to go.

They joined a Cook's Tour, because it was the easiest plan for an untraveled lady with only a little boy for escort. They did not want to waste strength in the struggle with the mysteries of time-tables, or spend their energy in counting the values of coins that look so puzzlingly similar to dimes and quarters, yet turn out to be so confusingly different, when paying for your tickets.

It is funny to think of those two MacDowells, mother and son, traveling as "Cookies." They were very different from the usual persons who chose to be personally conducted. They knew just what they wanted to see, and why they wanted to see it, not at all the things or the reasons that take most travelers into dis-

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tant, inconvenient regions, away from "home cooking."

They sailed from New York on the Royal Mail Packet *Russia*, and Edward began his acquaintance with "Ocean" that "mighty Monster." We do not know from any memorandum or letter what sort of voyage it was. But we can imagine something from what he afterwards put into words and music. For it is usually the first impression that remains to color one's whole feeling.

The ocean was to Edward MacDowell fascinating but terrible, as it often is to folk who have the blood of Northern lands and of sailor races in their veins. It was full of mystery, peopled with hidden life, of which one caught only now and then a glimpse; deeper than the soundings of men, vaster than their dreams. It spread its coil around the world, like the great Midgard Serpent. Men were weak and fragile in its power. One could never tell what one might spy floating on the waves, rearing up from the depths, bursting out of the storm-cloud, melting into the fog!

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Much of MacDowell's music is full of the spirit of the sea. It tells in great waves of harmony and beautiful ripples of melody how the world of waters made him feel. Sometimes it is grand and terrible, sometimes soft and fascinating. His "Sea Pieces" for the piano are among the finest music he has written. The musical critic Mr. Lawrence Gilman, who is MacDowell's biographer, says of the "Sea Pieces," speaking especially about the first one, "To The Sea": "I must repeat that this tone-poem seems to me one of the most entirely admirable things in the literature of the piano."

One would like to know what MacDowell thought when he stood on the deck of the liner, gazing for the first time on that vast floor where there was no sign of life beyond the rail on which he leaned, to the far horizon. How did he feel when he realized that there were days of this isolation before him; miles of this blue water between him and home?

In after years he wrote a splendid stately composition, with a motto in words of his

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own that sound, like the music, full of that lonely, small feeling that overwhelms a voyager for the first time upon the sea. It is called

IN MID OCEAN

"Inexorable!
Thou straight line of eternal fate
That ringest the world.
While on thy moaning breast
We play our puny parts,
And reckon us immortal."

Long, hard words are these, not the words that would naturally come to a young boy. But the feelings that Edward MacDowell at twelve years old had on board the *Russia* were very likely the same, in simple form: "How little and weak I feel! Bobbing up and down, whether I like it or not, on this tyrant of an ocean! The horizon, away off, is like a straight line drawn right around me—right around the world. I can't help myself. Whichever way the ship goes, it must go

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towards that horizon. It is like my fate. I wonder what my fate is going to be?"

Nobody on board that ship had any idea what his future was to be; or we can be sure they would have made much of him.

One thing is certain. As the boat plowed its way towards England, Edward must have thought of that first voyage of the *Mayflower*. A boy like him, fond of history, must have remembered how that little boat of fifty tons crossed this same, unknown, apparently endless sea, carrying its band of sturdy English Pilgrims. Surely, he could not help thinking of their grit and courage—Edward had those qualities himself—their determination to succeed, in spite of every difficulty and danger, and their pious faith that kept them from discouragement. His Quaker upbringing would make him understand that. It may be that on this very trip he had the beginning of the idea that later turned into a fine sea piece about the Pilgrim voyage. He called it "A. D. 1620." And this is his poem that you will find at the head of the music.

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A. D. 1620

"The yellow setting sun
Melts the lazy sea to gold,
And gilds the swaying galleon
That forward to a land of promise
Lunges hugely on."

In this piece of music you can imagine you hear the rolling of great waves, the lunging of the *Mayflower*, as she plows through the waters towards the promised land, her beams straining, her mast threatening to fall. You feel the lonely vastness of the ocean, on which the sun-gilded galleon seems like a speck. Presently the music changes to a great chorale, a hymn of praise from the hearts of the Pilgrims themselves; a religious outburst of faith and courage, and a prophecy of triumph. For the soul of man is greater than the mighty waters that threaten his body. Then again the chorale changes to the chords that suggest the lunging of the galleon in the great waves that almost swamped her. The piece ends as it might be with night closing down upon the sea, when the yellow sun has set over the

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land of promise, to rise again in hope and liberty.

A night at sea! The first night at sea, especially if it happened to be moonlight, must have been a wonderful experience for a poetic boy. As the stars came out, one by one, familiar in their grouping to eyes that knew them well, but clearer than when seen from any hill-top, more numerous and nearer-seeming, perhaps Edward had some such fancy as he expressed afterward in a beautiful bit of music among those same "Sea Pieces." He calls it

STARLIGHT

"The stars are but the chorus,
That sing around the throne
Of grey old Ocean's spouse,
The Moon's pale majesty."

It is odd how on a first ocean voyage, all the wonderful, possible thrills are apt to happen. Very likely, though one cannot say for certain, it was on this voyage that he first saw a "wandering iceberg," that beautiful but dangerous vagrant of the deep. Very likely the

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Captain himself pointed out to a bright-eyed boy eager to see everything, the gray-green bulk that heralded its approach by a sinister chilly breath. The sailors on that "northern course" are always on the lookout for this very thing, sensitive to that chilly breath, which warns of danger. One-third of the iceberg is above the water, two-thirds concealed below. She looms glistening and beautiful. When Edward saw her, he imagined the beryl-tinted mass, already melting in tears along the graceful contours, to be a cold-hearted Princess, who had strayed from her safe home in the frozen north among the people of ice and snow. Half against her will was she borne along the ocean currents, growing gradually warmer and warmer, till at last she panted into the tropic sea. There she would melt entirely away, in burning tears. This is the poem he wrote about her:

FROM A WANDERING ICEBERG

"An errant Princess of the North,
A virgin snowy white,
Sails down the summer seas,
To realms of burning light."

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The music which accompanies this little poem begins as cold and whity-green as ice. As you listen you can almost see the glistening mass sailing down through the gradually warmer water. You can hear the melting of the ice. You can feel the increasing warmth of the glowing sun. Then at last the Princess drifts into the tropic stream. The music throbs fiercely.

The voyage of the wandering iceberg is done.

XI

THE WONDER JOURNEY

THERE were about fifteen persons in their party, all strangers to the MacDowells. Some of them had the bad manners that one too often finds in Americans traveling abroad; manners that disgusted mother and son. Some of our people seem convinced that everything American must be better than anything else,—a queer kind of patriotism! And they are apt to express this opinion in high voices on every occasion, no matter who may be listening. They are prone to forget that educated foreigners may understand more of our language than Americans understand of any tongue but their own.

Once in a railway carriage in France,—one of those snug coaches which hold about twelve persons, seated opposite one another in

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a necessarily close group,—Edward had a mortifying experience of American bad manners which he never forgot, and which made him at the time almost ashamed of being an American. He wished he were a Zulu or a Tagalog,—any kind of civil savage!

Some American women “Cookies,” looking over their neighbors critically, began to comment aloud on the costumes and appearance of their French traveling companions. They cheerfully assumed the latter to be not only deaf and dumb, but stupid into the bargain, unable to understand facial expression and sly looks. When they had almost reached the end of their journey, however, one of the French ladies suddenly leaned forward, and in excellent English, but with a sweeter voice than the shrill Americans could boast, rebuked them gently. The “Cookies” turned red with embarrassment. There was nothing for them to say, and they said it. After that the trip was unnaturally silent, until the French ladies with dignity left the train. It was a lesson the travelers sorely needed. But

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the memory of it never ceased to pain Edward, who would have liked always to be proud of everything American.

It is not strange to find that this boy of Irish ancestry enjoyed especially the beautiful lakes of Killarney, of which he always afterwards spoke with awed enthusiasm. And that he was greatly interested in the Giant's Causeway, with its place in the fairy-lore of the land. He little guessed that one day the Art Museum of Belfast would have a *MacDowell Corner* in his honor, where manuscripts and photographs of him would be treasured, and where one day his bust is to be placed. For it was from this neighborhood that his Irish ancestor emigrated to America.

Edward was always on the lookout for things he remembered from his reading, and especially from the fairy-books. He made sketches of many things he saw; funny places and funny people. In his sketch book are Irish peasants, Highlanders in kilts, queer houses, omnibuses full of a motley crowd. Strange faces always took his fancy,

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and he was quick to see the picturesque side of a view. There are also glimpses of Edinburgh Castle and Stirling Castle in Scotland,—real scenes of romance. How they must have wakened his Scottish blood! They were preparing him to write some day his Keltic Sonata, and such pieces as “A Tale of the Knights,” “A Haunted House,” and “Ballads.”

It is from his clever little pencil sketches that we are able to get some idea of his trip; for he left no other record of it. There is for instance a quaint little drawing labeled “London from Charing Cross Hotel”, a view across city roofs and towers in a picturesque mixture. This tells us that they stopped in the busy heart of the busiest city of the world, and that Edward’s room was up high in the air. It must have seemed natural to him; in those days the old part of New York was not so different from Old London. He used afterwards to tell of the pleasant sensation he remembered connected with the red plush divans of Simpson’s Tavern in the Strand,

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which is the Broadway of London, and always smacked his lips at the memory of "Buzzard's fruit-cake." He enjoyed good things to eat, as most dreamers do.

He bought tailor-made clothes in London, as we know from the haberdasher's card that he pasted into his sketch book. Edward cared little about "style" or "fashion" for their own sake. But he liked to look nice and trim, and he liked a good fit and good material for his clothes, having excellent taste in this as in all personal matters.

From England the party flocked to Belgium, little guessing what a crown of martyrdom that brave little land was to earn before many decades. Edward was to be spared that tragic story. Thence they visited the beautiful cathedral at Cologne, where the Three Kings of the East are said to be buried in the splendid shrine. Edward must have loved the jeweled windows and lacy carvings of the vast interior flooded with solemn organ music. How different it all was from the

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plain Quaker meeting-house he knew so well!

From Cologne on the Rhine they took the jolly little day steamer up that most romantic river of the world. How little did he realize that for years his home was to be in this neighborhood! Edward's eyes and thoughts and pencil were kept busy for an enchanted day. He was in the very heart of Wonderland. Every bend of the river retold its story that he already knew. Every curve of the bank revealed a bristling castle or a ruin that breathed some ancient legend of picturesque villainy, or some fairy-tale of old days. There was the Mouse Tower, where the wicked Bishop Hatto was punished by the rats. Edward hastily scratched its picture into his sketch book. There was Ehrenbreitstein, the robber baron's stronghold—he must get a picture of that! And he did. Instead of the kodak, which later became a favorite companion of his, Edward had his clever pencil.

And here were the Lorelei's rocks! He

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could almost hear her singing as she combed her golden hair with a golden comb. But this is a hard subject for an amateur to draw.

So they came at last to the land of William Tell; to Switzerland, with its snow-capped mountains and rushing torrents, its waterfalls and chamois and edelweiss. In Switzerland he first saw the dark, weather-beaten cabins on stilts backed against their trees. They were very like the log cabin that was to be his "house of dreams" in Peterborough one day. He visited the attractive shops of the wood-carvers, who made match-boxes that imitate the chalets so cleverly. Here he saw the enchanting cuckoo clocks, which figured so often in the fairy-tales. One such still hangs on the study wall at his later home in Hillcrest.

Last of all they went to lovely France, the land to which every American heart turns, as steel to a magnet. And here he saw Nôtre Dame with its gargoyles, which became one of his dear Cathedral friends. Edward spent

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as much time as he could spare in this spot full of food for dreams.

He had counted on making a hit with his knowledge of French; for he was the only one of the party who had any pretensions to a foreign tongue. Indeed, he did do very well for a boy with but few years' training, not gained in France; so well that he acted as interpreter for the whole Cook party. One can imagine how busy those chattering American dames kept their little cicerone when they got to Paris, with its *bijouteries, boutiques, galleries and magasins*. It was "Edward, here!" and Edward there; Edward to the rescue! "*Parlez vous Français? Non?*" "Oh mercy! Edward, please! I can't understand a word they say in this horrid language. But you speak it so well. Do tell him what I want, there's a dear boy!"

But though he knew French grammar very well, and could pass an excellent examination in translating; and though his musical ear gave him a correct pronunciation, there were idioms he had not met and words that, sound-

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ing deceptively like English, were able to cheat him with a very different meaning.

One day he had managed to escape from the demands of the feminine shoppers of the party. He stole out to do an errand for himself. Delicious sensation to be a boy, for the first time alone in Paris, with pockets full of unexpended allowance! He had been saving up to treat himself to some "French confectionery," a phrase famous in America. Jingling his silver francs in his pockets, he entered a broad and beautiful street lined with the most attractive shops in the world, their plate-glass windows lettered temptingly. But though he strolled some distance there was no sign of a bonbon shop, no trace of candy. It was astonishing how most of the shops in that neighborhood seemed full of things to wear; things more especially for ladies to wear. Edward was sick of frippery and furbelows and glittering imitation things. He wanted some real candy.

Ah, at last! There was the sign he sought on a glass door.

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"CONFECTIONS"

Without hesitation he stepped up and pushed open the door. It was a dainty little shop with smiling demoiselles behind the counter.

"Confections," demanded Edward boldly. He did not yet see what he wanted, but he would like to look over the whole stock, stored in those tempting boxes on the shelves.

The young ladies giggled. How he hated girls,—especially girls whose eyes laughed sideways, and whose lashes lowered mischievously when one made a civil request!

"*Confections! Le petit monsieur demande des confections!*" The young *sylphes* appealed to one another with smirks. To his increasing disgust they went off into a chorus of silvery laughter. What was there so funny, he wondered, about his remark? Hadn't he pronounced the word right? He said it again with his best accent, flushing with anger. "*Confections!*" His eyes traveled about the shop, trying to evade the roguish glances of

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the girls, and find some sample bonbons to choose. He thought it strange that there was no candy displayed anywhere. Poor advertising! How different from an American candy shop.

But the still laughing demoiselles were fetching things out of the boxes.

"*V'la, M'sieu'!*" One dangled a dainty pink silk peignoir before Edward's astonished eyes.

"*V'la, M'sieu'!*" Another flirted the ribbons of a bewitching cap in his face.

"*V'la, M'sieu'!*" A merry little brunette swung something puffy and lacy and pale blue before his outraged gaze. "*Des confections très jolies! Très, très chic! Plait il, M'sieu?*"

So these were *confections*, in French! The word meant not *candy* at all. A strange language! With a sudden appreciation of his mistake, Edward bolted from the shop, crimson with wrath and confusion, and followed by the merry laughter of Madame's assistants. So ended his first shopping excursion alone.

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He decided that he preferred American candy, after all.

Years later he used to tell this story with roars of mirth. But at the time it was far from funny; a painful experience for a sensitive, bashful boy who was afraid of girls. And those mischievous French girls!

All too soon the wonder-journey came to an end, with the end of the summer vacation. The party returned on the *Catalonia* of the Cunard line from Liverpool. They had to drag Edward away from the old book-shops he found at the last minute in that seaport. When would he ever again have such an entrancing opportunity to lay in a stock of treasures at prices which even his slender purse could afford?

In his sketch book are some amusing pictures of the embarking at Liverpool and of their fellow-travelers. He had always the greatest delight in watching different types of persons in a crowd. He could read the story of the faces and expressions with his

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keen, kind, sympathetic, humorous eyes,—even as a little boy.

Once again he crossed the ocean to New York, his head fuller than ever of dreams, and with a new ambition. He would return to Europe some day, and for a longer visit!

But he had the thrill of going ashore, returning *home* for the first time from a foreign land. It never can happen but once; that first wonderful feeling of stepping back upon the soil of your native land. For after all, he knew that he loved America best. It was for her he meant to work and study and build his dreams. He never departed from this ambition.

XII

MARKING TIME

THE next three years Edward spent in studying music, summer and winter, with Mr. Desvernine. He finished his last regular schooling at the *Institute Elie Charlier* when he was thirteen, and received his *Billet de Satisfaction*, equivalent to a diploma of graduation. From that time on all his lessons were wholly in connection with music. But of course he continued to read and study books of all kinds by himself. And his dreams continued to grow along with his reading.

Among the interesting things pasted into his Scrap Book is a card for a *Soirée Musicale* in March, 1874, the year following his trip abroad. This card announces that "Eddie MacDowell" is to play Beethoven's *Sonata, Opus 27*, and later Chopin's *Valse, Opus 64*;

*Master M. McDowell - a good
 pupil, and an excellent character
 in conduct and lessons,
 and much regret for his withdrawal.*
J. McManus



"Charlier Studio,"
 No. 108 West Fifty-ninth Street,
 CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

*Master McDowell—a good pupil: leaves behind him, in
 my experience, an excellent character in conduct and les-
 sons, and much regret for his withdrawal.*
Jan. 27, 1875 *J. McManus*
*found among my papers and sent as a memorandum to be
 kept by you and shown to your children.*
March 30, 1875 *Elie Charlier*

A PAGE FROM EDWARD'S SCRAP BOOK, SHOWING HIS
 GRADUATION CERTIFICATE FROM CHARLIER INSTI-
 TUTE, AND HIS COPY OF BEETHOVEN'S PORTRAIT

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a creditable undertaking for a boy of thirteen. Indeed, he was always a good, normal, faithful pupil, though never a prodigy. By this time it was settled that he was to be a professional piano player, and the hours of his practice were lengthened from month to month and from year to year.

He spent the summer of that year at Crown Point on Lake George, a beautiful spot full of interesting legends and records of historical events. Crown Point is in the midst of a region important in the Indian Wars. The most hair-raising doings happened hereabout. It is near Fort Ticonderoga where a great battle was fought, when the French and Indian forces massacred their English enemies. It is the scene of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," one of MacDowell's favorite stories. It was doubtless here that Edward became interested in Indian legends, and gained that sympathy with the Red Men and their wildly romantic lives that afterwards showed in so many of his musical pieces. You will find among these "The Indian Suite" with its "Legend," "Love

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Song," "In War Time," "Dirge" and "Village Festival." It is one of the most famous of his compositions. Then there is in his "Woodland Sketches" a beautiful piece called "From an Indian Lodge." And there is a lovely "Indian Idyl" among his "New England Idyls." The motto for this is his own, picturing an Indian maiden at her bead-work:

INDIAN IDYL

"Alone by the wayward flame
She weaves broad wampum skeins,
While afar through the summer night
Sigh the wooing flute's soft strains."

He was now a big boy of fourteen and seemed older than most boys of his age. He was firm and broad-shouldered, with tremendous strength in the muscles of his arms and hands.

It was while he was at Crown Point with his mother and Mr. Buitrago, who always went away with them, that a little girl of the family in which they were staying remembers what came near to being a tragedy. She was only four years old at the time, and did not

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understand why such a commotion was caused when one day a window fell on Edward's fingers. There was a mad rushing for hot water and court plaster, and a great to-do over the boy. Not that he himself made any fuss; he was always brave in matters concerning himself. It was his mother and the excitable Spaniard who were afraid lest the boy should lose the use of those precious fingers of his. But luckily nothing happened to trouble him for long.

While Edward was at Crown Point that summer Mrs. Trimble sent the maid to take him and the other children for a drive during one supper hour. When, however, they reached the point where the maid had been told to turn about, it was at the foot of a steep hill. Edward seized the reins and insisted on driving to the top of the hill ahead of them. He said he *had* to see what was beyond, on the other side. He was always "looking beyond."

Everybody at Crown Point was very fond of the boy. But this was true wherever he

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went, all his life. It was while he was staying here that he began to paste into his Sketch Book the memoranda and souvenirs of his trip abroad, and his sketches that had been lying loose.

This Sketch Book is a large square scrap-book, the fly-leaf inscribed "Presented by Mamma, March 7, 1874." About this screed is a design of little cupids holding a pen and pencil, apparently helping a shock-headed, black-haired person (probably intended for Edward himself), with crayons. Still other little creatures are holding a palette convenient for the sketcher's use. The letters are prettily drawn; the "1874" being made of tiny figures like marionettes in stiff and curved attitudes. There are pencil copies of portraits, Washington, Mozart, and other heroes of Edward's affection. There are copies of prints in the magazines of the day, one of them showing his love of fun, as it represents a fashionably-dressed lady leading a big hippopotamus by a ribbon bridle, as if it were a poodle-dog, with the legend,—"Come along,



A COPY DRAWING BY EDWARD, SIGNED WITH HIS
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Fido!" in Edward's plain, firm writing. Among the original sketches from life is one labeled "A Vermonter" a rural character with chin whiskers and a short pipe; perhaps one of the neighbors at Crown Point.

He never had any drawing lessons. But he was teaching himself to sketch very well, and he made a good many pictures in that summer. He had a great gift at catching likenesses, and the Sketch Book is full of clever portraits of his friends and family, sometimes done with mischievous relish. One of these pictures is that of a man in Indian costume, probably a hunter or trapper, such as were still to be seen in that region about Lake George. It might almost be a picture of Edward's favorite "Natty Bumpo."

Another picture that he made at this time, when he was fourteen, is the well-known sketch of himself, done without flattery; unless indeed he flattered himself with the promise of that little inconspicuous mustache.

XIII

FRANCE

IN the year when he made this sketch of himself—it was his fifteenth year—the family held a conclave and made an astonishing, momentous decision. Edward was to go abroad again. He was to go not for a little visit this time, but for a long stay. It meant self-denial and scrimping for them all; but it could be done. Once more his mother was to cross the ocean with her son. But this time it was no mere pleasure-trip. When she returned to America she would leave him behind. It was determined to take the final steps toward making him a musician. And Paris was the place they chose to begin the great adventure.

Edward and his mother made their second trans-Atlantic voyage in April, 1876. Uncle

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Buitrago accompanied them. At last the South American was to realize his long-deferred dream and study to become a violinist. Master and pupil were now to be fellow-students of music together,—what a funny situation! One can imagine how they laughed over it.

They knew no one in Paris. Apparently they had come abroad with no very definite ideas, except the tradition of French instruction. This was probably Buitrago's dream. They took a little apartment in Lafayette Street in the northern part of Paris, near the famous Montmartre, the "Hill of the Martyr." Though in modern times this neighborhood is more famous as a rendez-vous of students and the scene of their fêtes, as you see in Massenet's opera of *Louise*.

The important thing was to find the right music teacher. Not knowing where to turn for advice, they decided they would make no mistake if they consulted the head of the piano department of the French Conservatory,

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M. Marmontel, and left the matter in his hands.

M. Marmontel, a famous teacher, graciously made an appointment for the Americans to come to see him at his *hôtel*. Unlike most Parisians, he lived in a separate house, or *hôtel*, as the French call it, by himself. The old professor received them very kindly. Probably he was wearing the same cap and dressing-gown in which, years afterward, he received the Woman Who Knew Edward Best,—an odd costume which made his figure memorable.

Marmontel ordered the boy to play something for him on the piano. Inwardly greatly frightened, Edward obeyed. At the first note M. Marmontel pricked up his ears, and looked interested. Already he had detected the unusual talent of the young American. Whom would M. Marmontel recommend for a teacher? "Ha hum! Well! Very well!" M. Marmontel offered *himself* to give the boy lessons. A promising lad! And he embraced Edward effusively, kissing him on both

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cheeks in French fashion. A hideous fashion, Edward thought!

But this offer seemed a piece of great good luck. The boy and his mother went away treading on air, hardly able to wait for the lessons to begin.

For a year he studied hard with M. Marmontel; and for a year his mother remained in Paris to make a home for him and see him started in his "career." She was a stern insister on discipline and duty, and that year was the hardest Edward had ever yet known. His days of study were long, lasting from six in the morning till nine at night. He had many things to study besides his lessons in piano playing and his hours of practice between them. With M. Savard he studied musical theory and composition; he began to learn how musical composers set down their dreams. But besides this he had to dig at his French. Already on his first trip to Paris Edward had learned how puzzling the real French of French people may be to an American-French speaker! Quick though his ear

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was, it was hard for him to follow lectures given in the rapid-fire French of the professors. And as to taking down notes from what they said,—he was helpless. If he were to compete with the French boys on equal terms, he must know the language better. So Mrs. MacDowell made arrangements for him to have private lessons in French. (How the francs dissolved away in those days, to be sure! Like snow falling on city roofs.)

It was during his French lessons that Edward's language teacher made a discovery about his pupil which came near to changing the boy's whole life. It put an entirely new idea into his head.

It happened in this wise. Edward was the same boy with a fondness for drawing, and a love of studying people's faces, who was not always an attentive or eager pupil when lessons were dull. As a little fellow he had liked to scribble on the pages of his music while a lesson was going on, and as he grew older he made many furtive portraits when nobody was looking. Well, one day, while this big

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Edward was supposed to be studying his lesson diligently, he was as a matter of fact using his French grammar to cover up what he was really doing,—sketching a portrait of his teacher.

Now this gentleman was not by any means handsome. He had an enormous nose; the most conspicuous thing about him, like the nose of Cyrano de Bergerac in the play. It was the kind of nose that boys love to caricature. Edward's picture, however, was not a caricature, but an honest copy. He had almost finished the sketch, which was no doubt intended for the old scrap-book that already contained the portraits of so many of his acquaintances. But this was not to be its fate. Suddenly the teacher noticed that Edward was hastily trying to conceal something. He demanded to see that paper. Imagine Edward's horror and confusion! He had not meant to make fun of the teacher's grotesque nose; but he had certainly done it full justice. What would the Frenchman say?

Unwillingly he handed over the sketch and

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stood waiting to be scolded. But there was a long silence. Apparently the teacher was good-natured enough and artist enough to care less about his pupil's choice of a subject than about his skill in presenting it. The picture must have been a very good Cyrano portrait indeed; though it has disappeared, no one knows where, so we cannot show it in this book.

"Where have you studied drawing, Monsieur Edouard?" demanded the teacher, in his crisp French. Edward hung his head, scenting sarcasm.

"I have never studied at all," he stammered, turning red.

"But where then have you acquired such skill?" asked the teacher again. The boy could not believe that he was in earnest, and answered sheepishly that he "didn't know."

"I will keep this sketch," declared the teacher briefly. He did not speak angrily. But Edward slunk home feeling annoyed enough at having been caught red-handed.

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He thought himself lucky to have escaped so easily, if this were the end of the matter.

But this was not the end of the matter. "Cyrano" had not wanted the sketch for a record against a disrespectful pupil. Neither had he kept it for his own pride and pleasure. He had a far more generous purpose in mind. With a magnanimity that must have made Edward a little ashamed when he thought of it afterwards, he showed the sketch to a friend of his, a certain eminent Parisian painter who was a teacher in the most famous art school in the world.

Not long after this Edward's French teacher knocked one day at the door of Madame MacDowell's apartment in Rue Lafayette.

"I have come, Madame," he announced courteously to the surprised lady, "to make you a proposition on the part of my friend the famous artist Carolus Duran"; naming a name familiar to everyone in Paris.

The mother listened to his next words with

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amazement. She had never given a serious thought to Edward's drawing.

"Madame, your son has remarkable artistic talent," continued her visitor. "My friend is much impressed by the sketch which I have shown him. It is myself, to the life! And he bids me tell you that he will give your son a three years' course of free training under his personal supervision, if you will let him study art in his *atelier*. Moreover, Madame, that the boy shall not be hampered in his living, the Master will look after the young Edouard's support during that time. It shall not cost him a small *sou*! You can see how much my friend thinks of the boy's talent, when I make this offer in his name. What do you say, Madame? Shall your boy become a great painter, or no? Is that not better than to be a pianist,—even a good pianist, playing always the music of others?"

Then indeed was Madame MacDowell astonished and perplexed. At great expense and sacrifice she had brought her son to Paris for one purpose, on which her heart was set.

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Great expense still loomed before her, if she was to continue in that purpose. Now, it would be possible to avoid all this, if Edward were to become an artist, and accept this generous offer. But to lose all these years of preparation! Madame MacDowell knew very well that a boy or girl cannot safely try to be two things at once. This life is hardly long enough to complete one's work in a single profession. Musician or artist,—which was the right and real thing for Edward to be?

It was an exciting idea for him. He had always loved to draw. It would be wonderful to be a famous painter; to work out one's own beautiful dreams with paint and brushes, and see them grow on the canvas; instead of playing the dreams of other men made into music. And three years of Paris which need not cost them a penny! While Mother was paying out so much now.

But on the other hand, could he bear to give up his music, at which he had worked so hard, and which he loved so well? If only he might be a painter and a musician too.

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What a puzzle it was for a boy who loved beauty in all its forms! Edward had more talents than he needed. It seems a pity he could not have given some of them away to the dull people around him. But no one can be this kind of a Santa Claus.

The MacDowells found it impossible to decide the question entirely by themselves. As they had done before, they resolved to present the question to M. Marmontel. Of course, there was but one possible answer from him. Naturally, the musician declared in favor of his own art. He was horrified to think of Edward's giving up his musical career, so well begun. He saw in the young American one of his most promising pupils, certain to bring his teacher credit some fine day. One cannot blame him for exclaiming against any other career for the too-gifted boy.

Perhaps, indeed, in urging Edward to stick to his music, M. Marmontel deprived the world of a great painter. Edward had the keen eye, the clever hand, the sense of color and line, and above all the imagination

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and lofty spirit that a great painter needs. He might have transferred the beautiful dreams that soon began thronging to him upon canvas instead of upon music-paper. But then,—we should have lost MacDowell's music. As it was, Edward thought the whole matter out once more, and it being left to his decision, finally chose for music. With a sigh he gave up once for all his sketching and drawing, and never thought seriously of them again. The French teacher sadly reported to M. Carolus Duran that their generous scheme had not succeeded. And M. Marmontel kept his favorite pupil grinding harder than ever at his piano lessons.

Every time Edward visited the old professor's salon for his lesson he took a twenty-franc gold piece from his pocket and laid it on the piano to pay for his instruction. Four dollars in gold! That meant a good deal to the two Americans; to M. Marmontel also.

MacDowell used to tell with a laugh how once he forgot to fish out the customary offering, when the hour was over. Thinking about

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the music only, Edward was absent-mindedly running down the stairs, when the old man hurried after him in great agitation, crying over the banisters:

"My boy! My boy! You have forgotten something!" It struck Edward's sense of humor at the time, which was always quick to record and to remember.

Life in Paris would have been dull enough for the two exiles in those early months, had there not been in the neighborhood some old New York friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fithian and their little daughter, Minnie, a godsend to the lonely boy. She was a beautiful little creature, and in spite of his general fear of girls, Edward liked her very much. Dinner with the Fithians, an occasional visit to the theater and little excursions into the country on holidays were almost the only social pleasures Edward took in the long, hard days of that long, hard year.

XIV

THE CONSERVATORY

THE year was nearly over before M. Marmontel gave Edward a great surprise. One morning he announced to the boy that he was greatly pleased with his progress and wished him to compete for one of the scholarships offered by the Paris Conservatory.

Now pupils fortunate enough to "make" the *Conservatoire* pay nothing for their tuition at this great music school. They are taught at the expense of the French Government, which is always generous in the matter of art. But would-be scholars have first to win out in a competition which is always crowded, and the test is very difficult.

Edward was extremely modest. He was amazed that M. Marmontel should even think it possible he could win, with all those bril-

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liant French boys and girls, hundreds of them, in the competition. He was conscious that he never showed off to advantage beside them. There were but two scholarships offered. What likelihood was there that he, an American boy, was destined to receive this generous present from the French nation? He was sure he hadn't a chance. Nevertheless, he squared his shoulders and declared he would try his best to do M. Marmontel credit.

After that he worked harder than ever. And in the end he did win one of the scholarships. The other fell to a South American boy; one does not know his name. What a proud day that was for Madame MacDowell when she had the satisfaction of seeing her son duly enrolled as a pupil in the famous *Conservatoire* where so many great musicians have made their beginning! In the spring she went back to America, leaving Edward in the care of Uncle Buitrago,—a queer protector for an exile boy, but at least a loyal and adoring friend.

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Then began a strange, lonely, hard time for him in that foreign city, with its foreign ways which he never liked. His mother had started him in the habit of hard work and faithfulness to his job, and he never changed. He rose every morning at six, and after the bowl of bread and milk that made his cold breakfast, he did an hour's practising in the cold room. He could never afford a fire, though it was often so chilly that his toes and fingers grew numb before the hour was over. Then he trudged down the hill to the Conservatory, a cold walk on those winter mornings, after the scanty, cold breakfast.

At the Conservatory he was drilled in all the studies that every musician needs, whether he is to become a singer, a player, or a composer. He learned the history of music, theory, practice, harmony and composition. What he hated most,—he had to learn to sing, though he had no voice of any account. He had all the drudgery and drill that go to make a great pianist. Everyone, including himself, was possessed with the one idea, to make him

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a great pianist. They never dreamed of his becoming something still greater.

MacDowell was a strange mixture of slowness and quickness. He won the scholarship at the *Conservatoire*, to be sure, over the heads of many more brilliant-seeming competitors. But after that, his inability to make a fine general showing among other boys and girls was a constant and bitter mortification to him; one of the very great sufferings of his boyhood. Now that he was regularly enrolled, he often saw others plunge far ahead of him for the time, making spectacular records which apparently he could not match. He could not help knowing that he ought to be able to excel every one of them, so far as real talent went. But he was not a "show" pupil. His talent seemed to save itself for crises; or perhaps it was saving itself for a purpose not yet plain even to himself.

Among his fellow-students was an odd chap, a boy named Claude Debussy. He was different in his ways and contrary at his studies. He did not see things as others saw

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them, nor hear music as others heard it, but had methods as well as manners of his own, even in those days. But he had dreams, too. This clever boy was to become in after years a brilliant musician, one of the foremost French composers of the day, though very different in type from MacDowell. Debussy also loved fairy-tales, and put them into his music. But at that time of course neither boy guessed what a notable person was grinding side by side with him, over the same lessons.

After a morning of hard study at the *Conservatoire* it would be luncheon time. Then, hungry as a bear, Edward would stroll off, usually alone, to one of the *Restaurants Duval* that one finds all over Paris. They are very like the "Child's Restaurants" of our own country. For a franc—twenty cents—he could get a bowl of nice hot soup, a tiny bit of meat, vegetables, and plenty of good French bread and butter. It was wholesome food, good enough for anybody, though plain and served without any "style." Edward always

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enjoyed his food with a hearty appetite, as hard workers must if they are going to keep well and strong; though he did not always eat as much as he wished, for he saved as many pennies as he could to buy books. It did not take him long to eat this luncheon, and he had the rest of the noon hour for exercise. The only place to go in the short time was up and down the streets.

How the boy loved the streets of old Paris, the bridges over the river Seine, the fountains, the avenues of chestnuts and limes! One can imagine him poring over the treasures displayed in the bookstalls on the quays under the chestnuts; perhaps haggling for the purchase of some worn old favorite with pennies that were to have bought a dessert. His little library was growing all the while; perhaps too his appetite!

Every corner of Paris is a scene of history or romance or poetry to a boy whose head is full of dreams and whose heart beats with fancy. Then there were the passing crowds of people, the most wonderful crowds in the

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world. Edward loved to watch them. People from every corner of the earth, in the strangest costumes, with the queerest faces, that suggested stories of every kind, jostled up and down the boulevards. All shades of black and red and yellow men passed all day long, and nobody seemed to find them strange or exciting, except Edward. In those noon hours he stored up treasures of knowledge and imagination that fed his dreams; just as the bread and meat fed his strong young body.

Back again to the north side of the river and the Conservatory for the afternoon session. He worked hard in his cold room till nine at night, and kept up this program for eleven months of the year. For when the *Conservatoire* stopped at the end of June for the summer recess, Edward was still digging at his studies with Marmontel.

Summer in Paris is very beautiful, however, and he took time to visit the wonderful parks and gardens which are the glory of the city. There were the Botanical Gardens down the river, with their collections of

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strange animals. There were the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg, full of children, if he wanted not to go far. The broad avenues of the Champs Elysées with their glorious trees made a splendid strolling place, and the Bois de Boulogne had wide spaces and generous sward for eyes that loved green grass. Then there was Versailles some distance out of town, with its marvelous fountains playing always on Sundays and holidays. And the palaces and museums and churches were always ready to tell him stories, scores of them, about things that had happened here right in the heart of Paris the wonderful. Perhaps best of all was Nôtre Dame de Paris, with its cool quiet and gray stone poetry arching above one's head; its soaring towers that had looked down upon centuries of Paris and had lifted hundreds of little dreamers above the heads of ordinary men. Nôtre Dame was the oldest friend he had in Paris.

Edward's constant practice was already showing good results. He was strengthening still more his hands and arms and limbering

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his fingers so that he could play the most difficult music with the smoothness and rapidity of lightning. When he went to Germany at the end of his two years in Paris he was far ahead of men ten or fifteen years older than himself, in technical skill. But in his study of composition he was beginning also to develop a gift that so far he regarded only as an amusement, like the drawing which he had given up without a murmur. He was beginning to "make up" pieces for fun.

One can imagine the lonely boy going back to his cold room, bare of comforts, and sitting down to the piano to "think aloud." Dreams came to him of the beautiful things he had seen during the day; old fairy-tales he had read in the nursery at home; lovely places he had visited, and the thoughts became little tunes and harmonies. He did not know that he was already beginning to "compose." He never thought that what he was playing had the slightest importance; it was so easy! But he began to jot down the dreams on music paper.

One of the things he wrote was a charming

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little violin suite. Perhaps he made it to please his old friend, Buitrago, who played the violin nowadays. This little piece, written when Edward was fifteen, has never been published. It remains penned in his neat manuscript. But it has been played in public several times by famous musicians. And no one can ever believe it was the work of just a young boy. For though it is not to be taken too seriously, the music, simple as it is, is technically as perfect as any master could make it. Not even MacDowell himself when he was older could improve the form of it. It was perhaps the first of his musical dreams to be kept captive behind five bars for others to enjoy.

XV

THE ORGAN

AT the Conservatory Edward made friends with a little French boy of about his own age; a fellow pupil who came from a small village in the country some distance to the south of Paris.

“Why don’t you come home with me to spend your vacation, Edouard?” suggested this boy one day, when he found that his friend had no plan for his holiday month. “I live on a real farm. That is a fine place to go to when one is tired. We will have grand times, Edouard! Such walks in the beautiful woods! My village is near the great Cathedral of Chartres. You will like that, because you are fond of old churches. The windows are like bright jewels. And the carvings on the stones are like pictures in a great gray book. Kings

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and Queens and Angels! And then there is the Black Madonna who lives down in the crypt under the church, and is very holy. She is so old, Edouard! I daresay you never saw anything so old as she; not even at the *Musée de Cluny*. And she works miracles!"

How good it all sounded to Edward, tired with the constant strain of hard study, eager for the wild country that he always felt to be his real home. No pavements under foot, but soft roads; or better still, green grass and fragrant flowers.

His friend lived on a typical French farm; a primitive sort of place—perhaps like the home of Jeanne d'Arc. They farmed in the old-fashioned way, without cultivators or tractors or new-fangled machines—men and women and animals doing the work in the fields together. The white farm-buildings were surrounded by walls, each stead being a little town by itself; as farms had been builded in the early days when the owner might have to defend himself and his peasants from enemies in the form of wild beasts,

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or wild men, or soldiers who were a mixture of both.

The road ran broad and smooth between rows of tall spindle-shaped poplar trees, with green meadows beyond, and quiet streams. The paddocks were full of cows and horses; pigs and goats—all the animals that Edward loved. In the fields grazed flocks of sheep, tended by little shepherds; or by shepherdesses, like Jeanne; perhaps like her twirling a distaff full of flax, or knitting a sock with busy fingers, and dressed in a way not greatly different from her way of more than five hundred years ago.

But the children's costumes were queerest! Even Edward's friend, old enough to be a scholar in the Conservatory, when he was at home clumped about in wooden shoes, his smock-like apron down to his knees, with bare legs and short trousers like the little peasants in Boutet de Monvel's pictures. But we cannot imagine that Edward himself cared to don such a costume. He was too American.

Here he was very happy, just as he had been

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in the country at Aunt Emily's or at Crown Point on Lake George. It was a beautiful region, full of picturesque sights and stories. In the distance one could see the spires of great Chartres Cathedral set on a hill of the ancient city. It was not a far journey to that town, with its rambling streets and tumble-down quaint houses on the little river. Edward used often to go there, and never tired of its beauty. He loved to watch the ceremonies continually taking place under the great cathedral roof—processions with candles and gorgeous robes; the sound of soft bells and singing; mysterious music of the organ rolling through the lacy arches. The church was never empty; the echo of past music never seemed quite to die away, but lingered floating mysteriously as the spice of incense lingered. And the boy loved it all.

There was another church, nearer the farm where he lodged, that he came to know still more intimately. This was the little parish church of the village. It was no famous place of pilgrimage, like Chartres with the Black

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Madonna who worked miracles. There were no sculptured kings and queens, tall as giants, about the portal; no rainbow windows nor jeweled shrines. It was a simple little stone church, in everyday service for the people of the place, with a kind old Curé who came to be a very good friend of Edward's. Indeed, everybody in the village loved the handsome American boy with his pink cheeks and blue eyes bright as stars, and the shock of dark hair.

The church had an organ, of course. And of course Edward became great friends with the organist, who showed him how to play this complicated instrument, which requires the services not only of a good head, quick hands, but also of agile *feet!* That was a new exercise for the young American, but he enjoyed it immensely.

One day the organist came to him and said, "My friend, will you do a great favor for me?"

Edward said that of course he would. But what was the favor?

"Well, it is this. You see, I want very much

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to go away on a little vacation. But how can I? There is always the organ, and the services, which the Curé desires shall never lack the music. You have watched me play for the services often enough. You understand how it is done. Very well! With your knowledge and skill in piano playing I have no fear to leave my organ in your charge. Will you take my place here for a few weeks? Will you be organist in my stead, so that I can have my vacation?"

"But—but!" Edward stammered in consternation. "You know I am a heretic. And I have never played the organ, except under your eye. Strange music, strange services, a strange instrument! I shall make a mess of it, I fear."

"The Curé says you are to do it, if you please," begged the organist. Very well; if the Curé was willing to risk spoiling his services, and if the organist was willing to trust his organ in strange hands, Edward too was willing. And so it was settled.

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In spite of the newness and strangeness of the task, he succeeded admirably. The Curé was delighted. Edward enjoyed the new experience, and the organist went rejoicing on his vacation. In fact, everyone was pleased,—except one old peasant woman of the neighborhood, an old person with more prejudice than music.

Happening to stray into the church one day when Edward was practising on the organ, the ancient crone was horrified to see the rosy face and bushy hair of the young American in place of the familiar countenance of the regular organist. She made a few inquiries, and was shocked at what she heard. “A mere boy! An American! A heretic!”

Spluttering with indignation she went straight to the Curé and complained of this scandalous thing that was happening in the church.

But the good old Curé frowned and shook his head at her.

“My daughter!” he said gravely. “You are

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very wicked! Would you have us without music, in a dumb, unbeautiful service? The boy does his part very well indeed. If you do not behave kindly toward him, like a Christian woman, I will have a dreadful punishment put upon you hereafter!"

So the old woman was frightened into holding her disagreeable tongue.

From his position ensconced behind the organ Edward could see all the doings in the little church. And, humorous young heretic that he was, he must often have been amused at the curious glances turned in his direction. He used to tell in after years of one odd thing that happened whenever the Great Man of the parish came to church. This was the lord of the neighboring chateau, a gay and festive nobleman, but a loyal son of the Church. Every Sunday morning he came to hear Mass in this little parish church, before going to the hunt. He always wore a green hunting costume and brought with him two great hunting hounds, as big as wolves. Every Sun-

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day the three of them stalked very solemnly up the nave, the master in the middle with a dog on either side, until they came to Milord's seat in the choir. There the two great dogs lay down obediently, close to their master's feet, and kept perfectly still till the service was over. Then out they all stalked again, down the aisle, out at the west portal. Presently over the hills and far away would be heard the sound of the huntsman's horn and the baying of the hounds, as they all galloped off together. To Edward, with his love of animals, and especially of dogs, this seemed a very touching and beautiful scene.

What an odd position for an American Quaker-bred boy, to find himself playing the organ for Mass in a French Catholic church! It was not the last time, however, that Edward's music went ringing through the arches of great houses of worship; places into which he himself never entered. MacDowell wrote few, if any, so called "religious" pieces of music. But his melodies and harmonies,—

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especially his beautiful little piece called "The Wild Rose," which many children play,—are often given in Catholic cathedrals and parish churches, in Protestant meeting-houses, in Jewish synagogues, in all kinds of halls of worship.

XVI

GERMANY

FOR two years Edward remained at the *Conservatoire*, working very hard. He used to say that he owed all the foundation of his musical training to France. But he was not getting along as fast as he wished, and was growing more and more restless under the tedious technical grind. At that time he little realized what a splendid beginning he had already made. Like the eager boy he was, he could hardly wait for the next step. Not far away was Germany full of music and musicians and all the wonderful traditions that had fed his earliest dreams. Liszt and Wagner,—great names in what was then the “new” school of music,—were alive and vital, creating marvelous things to which the whole world craned its ear. The thought of them,

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and of all they meant served as a magnet to draw the boy's thoughts. Germany cast a spell upon his fancy. He longed to go there and wrap the spell about himself.

Things came to a crisis in the year 1878, with the great Paris Exposition. Again Madame MacDowell made the long journey from America to see her son and talk over the situation with him. Together the pair attended a Festival concert where the composer-pianist Nicholas Rubinstein played a concerto so wonderfully that MacDowell sighed with envy. He had never before heard anyone play in a way that absolutely suited him. "I can never learn to do that if I stay grinding here!" he exclaimed to his mother as they left the concert. And since "playing" was then the goal of their ambition, they began to think what the next move must be, to improve his chance of success.

It was as usual Edward himself to whom the final decision was left. For his mother believed in letting him speak the last word and assume the responsibility. However, his

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first choice of Stuttgart proved not a good one for him. They had to try again.

Late in that same year, 1878, Madame MacDowell and her son went to visit a friend who lived in the beautiful watering-place of Wiesbaden. It was a stroke of good fortune as it proved, though little did they suspect that Edward was destined to spend several of the happiest years of his later life in this enchanted spot, with its mountains and waterfalls, its woods and romantic hills, each crowned by a ruined castle.

At Wiesbaden they met the famous pianist Carl Heymann, who was instructor at the Frankfort Conservatory. Heymann had just returned from a triumphant concert tour through Europe, and when the mother and son heard him play they were charmed by his skill and poetic feeling.

"He must be my teacher!" declared Edward. "That settles it. I will go to the Conservatory at Frankfort and enlist under him."

But immediately another difficulty arose.

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Heymann was not to begin teaching in Frankfurt for nearly a year. It would be no use for Edward to go there yet. So he decided to stay on in the pretty town of Wiesbaden where he had friends, and set about to find a teacher there. Not till Edward was taken under the wing of Louis Ehlert, the famous teacher and musical critic, did Madame MacDowell feel safe to leave him once again and return to America. We can imagine her sigh of relief at trusting him to such safe hands in such happy surroundings.

At Wiesbaden he passed a year of hard work; though he always worked hard for that matter, wherever he was. It almost goes without saying. But the hard work was interspersed with the kind of pleasure that he best enjoyed; with country walking, the society of books and music and pleasant friends. He could hear plenty of fine new music at the *Cur Haus*; and it revived his drooping spirits, weary of too much "grind."

The following autumn of 1879 Edward left beautiful Wiesbaden and took up his

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march for Frankfort on the Main, and was duly installed in the Conservatory there of which Master Joachim Raff was the head. At the first sight of the great musician who was to become one of his best friends, the boy was struck with his extraordinary resemblance to the bust of Shakespeare which he had seen in the church at Stratford on Avon, during his first trip abroad. The boy's keen eye for faces, which had made him draw portraits so well, noted the resemblance immediately, and each time thereafter it seemed to grow more vivid. Raff was most sympathetic and encouraging, and became a good friend as well as teacher. He was not in the least like the German composer, Von Bülow, who had declared insultingly when Edward was looking for an instructor that it was a silly thing to propose his "wasting time on an American boy!" Wasting his time, indeed! It seems a strange idea now.

Raff had a great influence over Edward, who adored him, and helped to direct his talents into the natural channel. While as to

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Carl Heymann, who became his especial instructor on the piano, the boy admired him deeply and found his marvelous skill a great inspiration. He declared afterwards that he learned more in a week from hearing Heymann practise and play than he had ever done before. He resolved that his own hands should learn to perform like marvels. And they did.

Heymann was an orthodox Jew with strict prejudices and dislikes. But he was very fond of Edward. The only Christian he ever took into his heart and home was this American boy with the Quaker upbringing. One wonders whether possibly the word "Quaker," seldom heard in that land, may have had a very misty meaning to Heymann, tending to dilute his religious exclusiveness.

At the end of two years Edward had become so fine a player, so splendid an example of his teacher's method, that when Heymann left the Conservatory, because he was too ill to carry on his work there, he recommended his favorite pupil to take his place. Think

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what an honor that meant to a foreigner so young! Raff himself, the head of the Conservatory, was eager to confirm this choice. But the other German pedagogues were, perhaps naturally, unable to believe that the young American, this boy of eighteen, was equal to such responsibility. They did not like his fresh, vivid way of playing the old masters that he had learned from Heymann. For Heymann had taught that the best music is an alive and moving thing, not a dead dull exercise, like finger-gymnastics. And this was quite according to Edward's own instinct.

Through this prejudice of the older men, he lost his first chance to become a "professor" at eighteen. He lost several other chances, too, on account of his ultra-boyish looks. But he began to take private pupils of his own at this time, sent him by Raff. And he continued to have lessons himself from his old teacher. Heymann was not too ill to give his favorite pupil the benefit of his criticism and advice.

Perhaps Edward was fortunate, on the

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whole, in losing that position at the Conservatory, though I daresay he was disappointed enough at the time. His Fairy Godmother had a better plan in store for him. For among his new pupils—whom he might not have had at the Conservatory—was a young American girl from Connecticut, Miss Marian Nevins. She had come to Germany to study the piano, bringing with her a young Irishwoman, a “nursing sister,” to act as companion and duenna. It is amusing now to remember that Miss Nevins did not at first want to study with MacDowell, nor did he want her for a pupil. They were both quite sulky about it. But both yielded to Raff’s wishes in the matter. He believed that the promising American girl would get along faster with a professor who spoke English.

For three years she was his pupil, before she became something closer. In that time of hard work and no nonsense, while he drilled her unmercifully and she practised with dogged determination that left no time for a thought of anything beyond, they laid



MARION NEVINS, AFTERWARD EDWARD'S WIFE, AS A
LITTLE GIRL

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the foundation of a comradeship that was to last throughout the lives of both. She was very sympathetic with his dreams and ideals. She learned to play in his own manner and after his own heart. So that in after years she better than anyone could say how MacDowell's piano pieces should be played. In fact, it was Miss Nevins who was to become his bride, though for a long time yet neither of them suspected that this was to happen.

It might not have happened at all if those old professors had not held back the ambition of their younger musical rival. Who can tell at the time what "good luck" really may be?

In Frankfort Edward was more truly contented than he had been since leaving home. It is a beautiful old town in the heart of the Rhine region, extraordinarily picturesque and drenched in an atmosphere of legend and romance. Here the German emperors were elected in ancient days and came thither to be crowned. It was one of the first towns to use the new invention of printing. On one of the quaint streets the poet Goethe was born.

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One could imagine him still walking about that neighborhood with its old timbered houses remaining exactly as they had been built, hundreds of years before. The river Main flows through that quarter where Goethe lived and wrote. At the old Swan Hotel, not far away, the great treaty between France and Germany was signed a few years before Edward became a student at Frankfort. All this thrilled him immensely.

In the dark and gloomy Jewish quarter stood unchanged the ancient houses of a race which has furnished so many musicians to the world. And one could see the place where the Rothschilds had their humble beginning, that great banking house that influenced the destinies of nations and peoples.

Wiesbaden was only twenty miles or so away, where his friends were. All about was beautiful country, a spacious plain surrounded by groups of mountains with the river flowing down the valley, a grand avenue of trade. Often Edward would take his lunch and spend a whole happy Sunday out of doors,

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wandering in the midst of history and legend. Often, too, he would get up early of a workday morning and trudge down the dusty roads, so as to have at least a glimpse of the wild beauty he loved, before setting to work. Perhaps he was accompanied on these walks by Folk whom others could not see, who knows? At any rate, all these influences were feeding his romantic imagination.

The idea of being a composer had never entered his head until the summer of 1880. He had come to Frankfort the preceding year, entering a class of men so much his elders that in the group photograph which they had taken he looks like the "baby of the family." They were doing together ordinary class work in harmony. One day Raff exclaimed to MacDowell after inspecting his exercise, "This is not composition! This is writing notes. Bring me something worth while." MacDowell thereupon shut himself up for several weeks and wrote what he finally called "First Modern Suite, for piano, Opus 10." He played the prelude in manuscript to Miss

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Nevins that summer, when he was nineteen. Raff approved of the piece, and encouraged him to try again. Only with this encouragement could he have continued.

This was the beginning of a new idea for Edward. Perhaps some day he might really become a composer and make beautiful music for others to play! It was worth working hard for such an ambition.

XVII

AN AMERICAN VISITOR

IN those happy days Edward began to compose musical pieces, and sometimes he played them to his friends. He lodged at this time in a house kept by an elderly German *fräulein* who adored him. She was the daughter of one of Napoleon's officers, and used to tell him vivid stories out of her personal recollection of her father's talk, stories of "the little Corporal" and his victories. She introduced him also to the historical novels of Erckman-Chatrian, and he became enthralled with French history. He devoured Carlyle's story of the French Revolution. And volumes of these two favorite authors began to crowd the shelves of his little library, beside Plutarch's Lives, Lamartine and Virgil. He bought a complete set of Byron when he was eighteen.

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We get a glimpse of his jolly little Frankfort apartment from the memory of an unexpected visitor who blew in on him in this summer of 1880; someone who was to remind him of his boyhood in New York. This was no other than his cousin, Charles MacDowell, one of the "brigands" of Central Park. Charles was on his way to the University of Leipsic, where he was going to study medicine. It was August 30, 1880, when Charles arrived in Frankfort, riding on one of the old-fashioned high bicycles used in those days; a big wheel in front and a little one behind, with the rider perched high on a precarious seat between.

Dirty and dusty and feeling altogether disreputable from his long ride, this cousin appeared at Edward's rooms. He had an uneasy feeling that the very particular boy, whose fondness for neatness and nice clothes he remembered only too well, would not be glad to see him in this rig. He might even be ashamed of this American tramp cousin. But to his delight Edward hailed him with glee,

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and took him into his spick-and-span quarters most cordially. He insisted that Charles should leave the little hotel in the town where he had engaged a room, and share the apartment instead. He loaned the cyclist a clean white shirt in place of the blue traveling one, and offered him the luxury of a bath. Indeed, he made his cousin feel completely at home. Charles was much impressed with the two nice, light, well-cared for rooms, the piano occupying the place of honor; the books everywhere about, nearly all serious classics. As he lay in delightful ease on the comfortable couch, Edward improvised beautiful tunes on the piano.

Edward himself was the greatest surprise of all to the cousin who had not seen him for years. Though Charles was four years older, in those months of hard work and self-reliance the younger boy had shot ahead, and had changed greatly. Charles had come expecting to find his junior playmate still boyish and awkward. It was almost a man in appearance who met him at the door with that cordial

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handshake and with a smile in his keen, very blue eyes. His skin was pink and white as ever. Edward's good looks were conspicuous in the midst of that German community where he was known as "the handsome American."

Perhaps to make himself look as stern as possible and to give him dignity in the eyes of his pupils who were not much younger than himself, he had cultivated an adornment that made the young "professor" seem far older than he really was, and filled Charles with envy. This was a reddish mustache and imperial. In those days he wore his jet black hair brushed straight back in the prevailing German fashion.

The story which this boy of eighteen told his cousin sounded to the latter like a chapter of romance. The hard day's work which he set himself! He spent six hours a day at piano practice, beside the time given to his pupils. The professorship which he hoped to attain; the concerts where he expected to appear very soon; his new hope of becoming a composer some day as well as a piano virtuoso,—it was



EDWARD AT EIGHTEEN

AN AMERICAN VISITOR

an astonishing revelation to his American visitor!

After two delightful days in Frankfort, Charles MacDowell left the little apartment where he had been so hospitably entertained, refreshed and invigorated for his journey to Leipsic. He declares that his memory will always hold a picture of the wonderful contrast between the fatigue of his previous three days on the dusty road and the luxury of stretching out on Edward's couch after that glorious bath; resting and dreaming while his cousin expressed his delicate and tender thoughts on the piano.

Edward was always a capital teacher, in spite of the fact that he did not enjoy this necessary side of a young musician's life. Though he was shy with strangers, diffident even with his friends, he had the wonderful power which only great teachers have of drawing out the best of those who studied with him and making them love their task.

Miss Nevins had gone to MacDowell unwillingly enough for six months of study with

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an English-speaking teacher. After those six months were over she found she was getting more than any of the students at the Conservatory, so she kept on with this wonderful young professor, period lengthening into period as she made rapid progress, while he grew more and more interested in helping to develop her talent.

Of course, in order to achieve results, pupils must have the answering love of music in themselves, as this American girl did. They must help at least halfway. This was not always the case in Edward's experience.

He had a hard time when he began to teach the children of the German aristocracy!

XVIII

DULL PUPILS

IN 1881 Edward applied for a position as head master of the piano at the Conservatory at Darmstadt. Darmstadt was a small town with an opera house of its own, and a grand ducal castle, the home of the English Princess Alice, wife of the Grand Duke. The town was not far from Frankfort as the crow flies, but unfortunately Edward had no wings, and the railway travel was so bad that it took hours of his precious time merely to go back and forth twice daily. He was working forty hours a week at the drudgery of teaching. Besides this he now undertook to give private piano lessons to the family of little counts and countesses at Erbach-Fürstenau. MacDowell's recollection of his experience at this place was very funny, though it must have been tiresome enough at the time.

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Erbach-Fürstenau was an ancient, sleepy, queer little town, typically German, named from the ancient race of counts who had lived there for hundreds of years. It was a three-hour journey from Darmstadt. And once a week, with a groaning spirit, Edward made the trip back into another period of time, so it seemed, out of the real, live world of to-day. For Erbach-Fürstenau still kept the fashions of at least half a century earlier.

His first visit kept the young teacher wide-eyed with astonishment. He stepped off the train and was met by a pompous usher in livery, who took him in tow. Everyone whom they passed bowed low before the young musician with the boyish, winning face. They bowed not because he was a musician, however; not because they could foresee the fame he was to win. No indeed! That would not have affected them much. They bowed only because he was going to the *Schloss* to teach the young grandees. What an honor! Edward was amused, but greatly embarrassed, to see the townspeople kow-towing right and

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left as he made triumphal progress to the Castle.

The Castle of Erbach-Fürstenau was a fine mediæval *schloss*, a relic of the bad old days when robber barons preyed upon one another in that half-savage land; when "every man's house was his castle." The *schloss* was surrounded by a moat and drawbridge. Edward crossed with mingled feelings, as if he were entering an enchanted castle. He was met at the entrance by an ancient major-domo in a uniform of long past days, who escorted him to a room in a remote tower which had been appointed for him. Here, alone by himself, he was given his supper, much as a prisoner might have been fed; a good plain supper with wine. In this dungeon-like apartment he waited until it should be time for the lesson. He must have felt like a captive prince out of one of his favorite romances.

Next morning the major-domo returned and he was formally conducted to the assembled family. It was a strange, old-fashioned group, in costumes like a fancy-

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dress party. The old Countess, a picture of frozen formality, received Edward stiffly and presented him to his future pupils. The boys, who were big fellows of fifteen and sixteen—Edward himself was only three years older than the latter—struck him as particularly queer. They wore their flaxen hair long, hanging down their backs and banded across the forehead, like the picture of the “Princes in the Tower.” Like those Princes also they wore costumes of two hundred years earlier,—tunic-like garments with leather belts and huge buckles. They spoke only German and Latin, and stared at Edward with round stupid blue eyes. The girls were just as queer and just as stupid. Edward found it hard to tell one from another. He could not possibly remember their formidable names and titles; and they could not remember anything at all! Moreover, they had not the slightest interest in music. It was a dull occasion for everybody.

He had dinner with the family. They ate at noon-time, in the old-fashioned way. The

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meal was served in the ancient refectory of the Castle, at a long table on trestles, like that of a monastery. The stern old Countess in her stiff dress sat at the top of the table, and the priest who was the children's tutor sat at the foot. The new professor was somewhere in between, flanked by flaxen, tongue-tied little counts and countesses. There was no silver on the table. They ate with iron knives and forks. It must have been a strange, dull meal for the young American. One can imagine him slyly pinching himself, to be sure he was really awake.

After dinner the lessons went on. He tried to give this unpromising material some introduction to the study of harmony, as well as of piano-playing. The children all studied together, to save expense. The old Countess did not approve of Americans in general, and showed this plainly enough to the young professor. But she soon discovered his ability, and congratulated herself on the bargain she had secured when she had arranged that Ed-

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ward should come for a lump sum to teach the whole tribe of youngsters.

It was uninteresting and discouraging work. He tried to make his explanations as easy as possible for the children. He tried to interest and inspire them. But he could not make much impression on their dullness.

One day, when he was illustrating on the piano very patiently a simple point in harmony, he heard a peculiar noise from where he sat behind the instrument. Was someone in pain? He glanced over his shoulder and a laughable sight met his eyes. There was the entire class of noble pupils, their flaxen hair hanging down over their arms extended upon the table, fast asleep and snoring loudly. We can imagine him giving a loud *bang* on the piano and bringing them to a startled upright. But no mere *bang* could hammer a musical idea into their heads, which seemed hewed out of one piece of timber.

He could never remember the proper titles of the boy counts and girl countesses,—“high-born” and “well-respected,”—full as they

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were of hyphens and strange gutturals and consonants. Finally he gave up in despair, and ended by addressing them simply as "Monsieur" and "Mademoiselle," in the French fashion. This greatly annoyed the ceremonious old châtelaine of the Castle. But what could a poor young American musician do, with a head full of more important things?

He never succeeded in making musicians out of his young pupils in the Erbach-Fürstenauf family. That would have been too much of a fairy-story wonder. His connection with the Castle did not last very long. It was too tedious to be worth the small sum he received for his services.

But the time Edward spent in traveling to and from the ancient Castle was not entirely wasted. He had a chance then to study his favorite books. He was growing more and more to love poetry. Byron and the German poets, Goethe and Heine, absorbed him in those days. He learned a great deal of poetry by heart, and afterwards he made beautiful

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music for some of the poems, especially Heine's. He grew acquainted too with Shelley, and with Tennyson whose "Idyls of the King" brought him close to the chivalry of old days. He never cared for ruins and relics, crumbling remains of beauty long dead. He hated castles like the *Schloss*, with mouldy dungeons and smelly moats. But he loved the spirit of gallantry and loyalty which breathed in the knights of old, the spirit that is alive in true knights to-day. It was this spirit of beauty that he sought wherever he went, in the traces of lives that left bright stories in the dust.

But on the trains between Darmstadt and Frankfort MacDowell had begun other things. He had actually completed in the stuffy railway carriage his second piece for the piano which he thought worth saving. This is now known as the "Second Modern Suite for Piano, Opus 14." He had begun other compositions but had destroyed most of them, because he did not think them good enough.

XIX

BUSY DAYS

THE year 1882 was an important one in Edward's life. Things began to happen to him very fast; things that make most persons "grow up" quickly. But he never grew up as most persons do; he was a boy always. He never outgrew the things that keep people young,—animals and fairy-tales, fun and exercise, nature and music.

In that year Edward began to be a composer. He made his first appearance as a concert pianist. In this year also he had his first praise from one of the great musicians of the world. And in this year he met his first great grief.

It was Raff who had first encouraged the boy to think about "composing" in earnest. Raff kept an eye on him, no doubt hoping

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that he would one day do great things. It was a curious way in which he led the young American to begin his first ambitious piece, a concerto. MacDowell adored this great teacher, but was a little afraid of him. One day when he was sitting at the piano in his room, carelessly fingering the keys, there came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" bawled Edward, most informally, for he thought it was one of his young friends who was knocking. But to his embarrassment in walked none other than the Master, Joachim Raff himself, with a genial but somewhat preoccupied air. Edward welcomed him awkwardly, wondering to what he owed this very unusual honor. As a matter of fact, Raff had come to ask his pupil to copy out for him the English words in translation of one of his songs. But for some reason the Master was shy about asking the favor. Edward was always shy; now he was nervous besides. The pupil could not guess what this visit meant. So Raff beat about the bush as bashful persons do, and they both

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talked about everything except the matter in which each was most interested. Suddenly, as if to change the subject, Raff demanded brusquely:

“What have you been writing yourself?”

“Writing?”

Edward’s heart leaped into his throat. He felt and acted as if he had been doing something wicked. Why did Raff ask so fiercely?

“A—a concerto,” stammered Edward, grasping at an idea which had indeed come into his head some time before, but which he had not begun to write on paper.

Upon this answer Raff turned and stalked out of the room as if angry, never mentioning the errand that had really brought him. But on the landing he turned back.

“Bring to me what you’ve done next Sunday,” he commanded gruffly. And before Edward could explain he had disappeared.

Next Sunday! And the concerto was not even begun! A concerto is a long, elaborately built piece for instrument and orchestra. The copying of it alone is a tremendous task.

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Edward declared afterwards that he had not the remotest idea how he was ever to fulfil the command. But he "worked like a beaver"—one can imagine what that meant!—putting his whole heart into the composition. Sunday came; Edward wrote the Master, making some excuse, and Raff put off the fatal day until the following Sunday. With an extra week to his credit MacDowell made still more strenuous efforts. Luckily for him, something again happened which caused the Master to postpone the meeting for a few weeks. By that time the whole Concerto was actually ready. It was an extraordinary feat for a young composer. Except for a very little change the piece remains to-day among MacDowell's published works precisely as he finished it then. For when he had once called a composition "done" to his own satisfaction, there was no need to change it any more. He was his own severest critic. This piece which he finished almost by "accident," as one may say, is now known as MacDowell's First Con-

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certo in A-minor, for piano and orchestra, Opus 15.

Raff liked the piece, on hearing it. He encouraged Edward greatly by saying indeed that it was good enough to play to Liszt himself, if ever the chance should come; and gave him a letter of introduction to the Master.

To Liszt himself! Liszt the great composer-pianist! How Edward thrilled at that name of the grand old lion of the musical world. It was at Weimar, city of great traditions, that Liszt held his court, and thither all the musicians of all lands made pilgrimage, as to the palace of a king.

How the modest young American got up courage to take his "piece" under his arm and go with it to the Master, is hard to understand. But he did. He made the journey to Weimar, where Goethe had once lived, and inquired the way to the house of Liszt, which everyone knew; the house which is now the Liszt Museum. But on reaching the house MacDowell had an attack of stage-fright and was afraid to enter. He sat down on a bench

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outside the door and waited for courage. He saw young men and women coming and going, persons who looked curiously at the handsome youth with the roll of manuscript, but made him no friendly sign. Finally he got up a little more courage, and crept into the vestibule, where again he sat down, awkwardly wondering what he was to do next. But he was saved a long wait. Someone told Liszt that a boy was waiting in the vestibule with a roll of music, looking half frightened to death. Evidently this aroused the sympathetic curiosity of the great man.

Presently down came Liszt himself, to investigate this stranger within his gates. Edward recognized him at once from his pictures, this grand old Abbé with the snowy locks and piercing eyes. (He made a clever sketch of the Master a little later, which he declared "looks like him though not well drawn.") Liszt spoke to MacDowell kindly, asking what he wanted. His sympathetic voice and manner immediately put MacDowell at his ease. He told his errand and pre-

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sented the letter from Raff. After reading this Liszt glanced keenly at the young man and cordially invited him to follow to the salon, where he was pleased to say he would hear MacDowell play the concerto.

Edward had arranged the piece for two pianos. Eugen d'Albert, a young musician who was among the crowd in Liszt's rooms at the time, and who later became a famous pianist, agreed to play the accompaniment if the composer himself would play the solo instrument. MacDowell was too frightened and nervous to do his best. But Liszt heard the piece attentively, and when they had finished he praised the performance highly.

"You must bestir yourself," he warned d'Albert, "if you do not want to be outdone by our young American!" This was indeed a flattering word from the mouth of the Master. Edward was especially pleased because Liszt praised his piano playing, for he still thought of that as his chief talent. But Liszt promised to look over some other of his compositions.

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He was a happy lad when, soon after this, he received from Liszt a generous letter of approval in which he offered to recommend the First Piano Suite by this very new young composer to the General Society of German Musicians for their forthcoming concert, and to suggest MacDowell himself to play the solo part.

Moreover, Liszt kept his word, and a hint from Liszt was like a magic "open sesame" to the Society.

That good friend and master Joachim Raff was hardly less pleased than Edward when he heard the good news. "I knew it must come," he said; and added to the boy's astonished ears, "your music will be played when mine is forgotten." He prophesied well because he loved and understood his pupil, and had a generous soul. But he was not to have the joy of actually witnessing his favorite's first triumph. On the very eve of success MacDowell was to experience his first great sorrow in the loss of this friend. Edward's début was scheduled for July. The

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great teacher and excellent musician Raff died on June 25, 1882.

It was a terrible shock to the young composer, eagerly preparing for the coming concert. In his grief he turned to his American pupil, Miss Nevins, for comfort, as he had turned to her for sympathy when he finished his first musical composition. Master and pupil had never been alone together once, even during lessons. Miss Nevins's companion was always in the room. They had never gone to walk or to the play together, never once for a moment relaxed the formal dignity of their professional relationship, though they must have been growing more and more in sympathy and understanding during these three years of daily contact. They were unwittingly building up the structure of a rare comradeship.

In his sudden great grief the lonely boy came instinctively to his friend and pupil, for the first time alone and not expecting him. His face was white and his eyes horrified, and

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looking pitifully at her he spoke the simple words,—“Raff’s dead. What shall I do?”

It was a cry for sympathy. But with her practical common sense and tact Miss Nevins turned immediately to the “doing” which helps to staunch great grief.

“You must get him some beautiful flowers,” she suggested. And it was she who selected a wonderful basket of crimson roses to be Edward’s tribute to his dead master, and which of all the floral messages alone was placed on the casket itself.

One curious incident MacDowell always remembered in connection with that sad occasion. While he stood absorbed in sorrowful thoughts after the funeral services, he was approached by a smart-looking young officer in uniform who addressed him by name. MacDowell did not recognize him at all. But it was no other than one of the “banged” young counts of Erbach-Fürstenau, his former dull pupil, grown up in these two short years to be a Prussian military dandy. Perhaps it was on the strength of his musical prowess as Mac-

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Dowell's former pupil that he had come to make one of the great concourse which honored the passing of the famous musician. Probably he was more successful anyway in the profession of bullying soldiers than in attacking the study of harmony.

Raff's death was a great misfortune as well as a great grief to MacDowell, who could little afford to lose the encouragement and advice of this powerful friend and ally. He had few enough friends in this foreign land.

A little more than a fortnight after Raff's untimely death, on July 11, 1882, MacDowell made his *début* as a professional composer-pianist. It was at a concert given in Zurich, Switzerland, by the General Society of German Musicians, and MacDowell played his First Piano Suite. From every point of view he was a great success. He played simply, with his notes before him,—though, of course, he knew his own piece well enough by heart. Again and again he was recalled, with cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" echoing through the hall, meant both in praise of his piece itself and of

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his brilliant playing. The American had made a hit! He had his foot on the first rung of the ladder of fame. And after that he mounted steadily. No one had ever worked harder for his chance, and surely no one had ever more truly deserved it.

Until that moment of applause and hand-clapping he had never waked up to the idea that his own music was worth anything to the rest of the world, that others would some day be studying and memorizing it, practising it with patient endeavor. He little dreamed that only two years later his former teacher and admirer, Madame Carreño herself, would be proud to play that same First Piano Suite in MacDowell's own native city of New York, with splendid success.

"I would not have changed a note," MacDowell once said to a friend speaking about his first pieces, "for untold gold. And *inside* I had the greatest love for them. But the idea that anyone might take them seriously had never occurred to me!" But from that time on his heart was really set upon making beau-

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tiful musical compositions, rather than upon being a piano player.

The very next year he had the joy of seeing two of his compositions in print; his First and Second Modern Suite, which had been recommended by Liszt to the publishers. In return MacDowell paid the Master a pretty compliment.

"Your two pianoforte suites," wrote the Master, "are admirable. I accept the dedication of your Concerto with sincere pleasure and thanks."

For two years MacDowell worked hard, both as composer and pianist. He wrote for orchestra; he wrote beautiful songs; he finished another piano suite, and several short pieces. They all have German titles, of course, since they were published in Germany. But they were pieces about old friends of his childhood. He called them "Witches' Dance," "Dryads' Dance," "Dance of the Nymphs"; and names that suggest the music of the water and the silence of green woodsy

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places, his familiar haunts about Lake George and in the hills of Rhineland.

The pieces that he wrote in those years are full of happiness and hope. For was he not living in the midst of his best dream of all? He was working hard himself and making his pupils work very hard too. But the quietly undemonstrative friendship between the American master and his American pupil,—both too busy and too serious for nonsense and sentimentality,—was growing steadily stronger.

In June, 1884, Edward returned to America for a joyous purpose. He was going to be married to Miss Marian Nevins, who had returned to her home before him. That fairy-story was coming true. And it happened on July 21, at Waterford, Connecticut, which was her ancestral home.

So this pair lived happy in each other for the ever-after of their life together.

XX

HAPPY DAYS

NOW began happy days for the young composer. He was no longer a lonely exile. He had the best of comrades always at his side. He could always thereafter count on at least one staunch ally in every trouble and crisis that arose. That is the best fortune that anyone can have in this world. His young wife shared his joy in all the things that he loved best; and one hears this doubled joy in the loveliest music which he wrote from that time on.

It was a beautiful home they made together; whether it was in England, where they lived for a short time; in Germany, or in Switzerland where they stayed for several years following that, or finally in America. Theirs was always a simple home; they hated show

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and luxury. But it was full of comfort and peace and that beauty which good taste makes wherever it is found. It breathed an atmosphere of books and music, of flowers, and pets. It was a home where friends loved to come and from which each one of the family hated to be gone, even for a little while.

MacDowell loved the theater. But he seldom went there—home was so much pleasanter, of an evening. For there was music, or reading aloud at home—and what can be better than that? He loved to go for long walks after his work was done. He loved to study the faces of the people whom he met. He loved games always, and he learned to ride the bicycle. He no longer did much sketching; his hands were too busy in other ways. But he did have great fun in taking photographs, and he became very clever at it. His home was full of charming landscapes, especially pictures of the woods which were his favorite haunts. In those lands across the sea where the young couple explored together,

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the woods were full of fairy legends, haunted by fairy people, happy like themselves.

One of the things they most enjoyed together was their walking trips in the mountains. They were often accompanied on these tours by their great friend, Templeton Strong, the composer, one of the best musicians America has produced. They used to buy a third class trip ticket about Switzerland, good for a certain length of time. This was the only safe way to be sure of having money enough to bring them back home. They could not afford to ride all the way, but would take long walks, sometimes for thirty miles beyond where the railroad left them, and having their return ticket, would keep on walking until they had twenty marks left, enough for their last day's expenses. When they got down to twenty marks they knew they must go home or starve. Often they were so footsore and weary that they would have liked to climb up behind the fine carriages or comfortable diligences that passed them.

Once by some miscalculation they used up

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their whole twenty marks while they were still a day's journey from the railroad, and had to walk all day long, without a bite to eat. But it was all in the day's fun.

Soon after they were married Edward had a brilliant idea. He had been recalling the lonely, hard days of his student life in Paris and he said to his wife,—“I know what we will do! Let us go to Paris and have the good time I never enjoyed in those hard days when I was a student at the *Conservatoire*. Let us take the little money we have saved and spend it as I would have liked to spend the money I didn't have. Let us have a nice, warm room, and plenty to eat; let us ride around instead of walking on those cold pavements that froze my poor feet, and let us see a merry show and buy something beautiful.”

So they went to Paris, those two married lovers, took a room at a good hotel in the very heart of the city, overlooking the gardens of the Louvre. They had an open fire, and burned all the wood they wanted to, just for the joy of being warm enough, and of seeing

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the sparks fly. They had delicious things to eat; they rode in the gay French *fiacres* to the play and through the parks where Edward had tramped forlornly, all alone. Finally, in one generous burst, they took all the money they had left,—except their return fare,—and with it bought a Persian rug, not for use but for beauty. The little rug, worn but still cheerful, still lies on the floor of MacDowell's home in Peterborough. The gay young pair returned to Wiesbaden, penniless but happy, having made up, so far as they could, for the hungry days of Edward's boyhood in Paris.

Among the earliest music written after his marriage were several piano pieces that suggest in tones the stories of the woods, or stories out of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales. If you will look over once again, as you read this chapter, Andersen's stories of "What the Moon Saw," you will find there little sketches about The Hindoo Maiden, the Stork's Story, In Tyrol, and The visit of the Bear. If you have read these, it will be still more interesting to play over the pieces which MacDowell

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had such fun in composing, and to which he gave those fancy names. They do not try to "tell" in music Andersen's stories. But they make one feel—if they are rightly played—as MacDowell felt after he himself had read these tales that he loved most dearly.

In the four years before he returned to America he worked constantly; only he now spent more time at his writing than at his piano. For he realized at last—and everyone else was beginning to admit it—that he was created to be a composer; which career is as much greater than that of a player as a poet like Shakespeare is greater than any man who acts his plays,—no matter how great an actor this may be.

He never wanted to be rich. What he asked was the chance to do the best work it was possible for him to do. All he needed was leisure to put on paper the beautiful dreams that came to him in musical form, so that others might enjoy them also. This does not seem a selfish thing for a dreamer to ask. But it is sometimes the hardest thing to get. Mac-

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Dowell never had time enough. He was not content to be just a musician. He wanted to be a musician who would bring new draughts to the thirsty world of music. He dreamed of making new glory for his beloved America, who as yet could boast few great composers of her own.

Before he was twenty-seven, nearly everything he had written had already been given a public hearing. Not many living artists could say that. Creative artists can seldom live on their dreams alone; even if the careless world will occasionally buy their dreams, as it buys toys from a pedlar's pack. An artist gets his best pay from the joy of making things. But though he was contented not to be rich, he knew he must earn more money than a young composer can count on, in order to live at all. He must go on teaching; that was the quickest, most dignified way. It was not the easiest way. MacDowell knew very well that for the sake of music, he ought to be able to spend his whole life in composing. But that was not possible. Always he had to do

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his beloved, beautiful dreaming in the intervals between the teaching that wearied and worried him.

MacDowell's father and mother were greatly disappointed when he decided to be a composer rather than a pianist. They found it hard to believe that their son was one of those very rarest of creatures—a man of original genius; they little guessed that he was destined to be the first great musician of America. They had set their hearts on seeing him a successful piano virtuoso; perhaps one of the famous ones of the world. This he might have been, indeed, if he had been willing to take more time from composing.

But because he knew what sacrifices his family had made to get him his musical education, he resolved gradually to pay back to his father and mother every penny which they had given to make him a pianist. This could not be done all at once, for money came slowly to the young composer. But eventually it was paid to the last cent.

Of course, when Madame MacDowell, his

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mother, realized how much greater a man her son was as a composer than she had ever dreamed he would be, she was proud of him indeed, and she ceased to have any regrets.

Yes, he was growing famous! Already his pieces were being played and sung in many places of Europe and America. His name was appearing more and more often on the concert programs of great orchestras and great soloists. His native country began to expect much of this absent son of hers. And his countrymen over here longed to see MacDowell and hear him play in person. Americans came to his German home and begged him to return to his native land. They knew he had something to bring America that America had never heard before. For MacDowell's music was not a copy of the old fashions, but quite new dreams out of his own original heart, different from what any man had ever dreamed before.

A man who has something quite new to say will always have strong friends and violent enemies. For while there are many open-

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minded persons who like new things, there are many more who prefer the old; being afraid of newness.

Among MacDowell's earliest friends, who liked the newness of his music, were the composers Liszt and Raff and Saint-Saëns, critics like Huneker and Finck, Hale and Gilman; great conductors like Thomas, Nikisch, Paur, Muck, and Seidl; and a host of others.

Madame Carreño was always one of his staunchest admirers. She rarely gave a concert, even to the end of her days, which did not include at least one of MacDowell's pieces.

XXI

BACK TO AMERICA

IN 1888 the MacDowells left their tiny beautiful, fairy-like home in Wiesbaden and returned to America for good. They came to Boston, and lived on the old Hill; for a time on the very street where my home has always been. I was too young to realize then what a famous neighbor we had. But I must often have seen the handsome figure promenading across the Common for his favorite stroll. And I am *sure* I must have noticed the big dog who trotted along at his side, his constant companion. I always patted big dogs.

“Charlemagne” was the name of this fellow; a great beautiful golden collie, the gift of MacDowell’s Boston publisher, Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt. He was a wonderfully educated dog, holding up the Boston tradition of

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"culture,"—not the foreign kind that is spelled with a "K." He was remarkably intelligent, as animals who are greatly loved by great natures are apt to develop. For it is largely a matter of receiving what you give. Charlemagne would fetch and carry a slipper or a newspaper, as a polite dog should. But he often showed still more uncanny qualities of understanding what was said to him. And his musical taste was very "advanced" for those times. He always jumped up and barked with loud enthusiasm when the name of Wagner was spoken. But at the name of Brahms he would flop down on the floor and act as bored as a tired dog could. MacDowell loved Wagner also. Charlemagne was supposed to reflect his master's opinion generally, in these musical judgments. But really, Charlemagne went a bit further as critic than did MacDowell himself, for Brahms did not bore the master so completely as he bored old Charlemagne.

After the death of Charlemagne, Mrs. MacDowell got a new pet for her husband. This



CHARLIE, MACDOWELL'S FAVORITE DOG,
(From a Plaster Figure by Helen Mears)



CHARLEMAGNE, THE BOSTON-BRED COLLIE

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was "Charlie," a knowing little Boston bull terrier, with one queerly cocked ear. He followed his master all over their country place, or would tumble into the buggy whenever they went to drive. His portrait was made in clay by a clever young sculptor, Helen Mears, who has caught the knowing expression of Charlie's ear. He had a happy life on the wide acres of the Peterborough farm, rich in squirrels and brown bunnies for a little dog to chase, however unsuccessfully. Charlie is buried in a little mound in a corner of the old-fashioned garden at Hillcrest, under an ancient apple tree, near his master's music room. Some say his little cock-eared ghost may still be seen, scampering through the woods in the neighborhood of the Log Cabin and its spring.

Until 1896 MacDowell lived in Boston during the winter, a most popular teacher, with more pupils than he knew what to do with. Everybody liked to study with him. He was becoming also more and more in demand as a player at notable concerts, where his original

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pieces were given the place of honor. This man of genius was actually honored in his own time, by his own people, a thing that does not happen too often.

One of his great successes was scored when he played his Second Concerto in his native city of New York, with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of that great conductor, Anton Seidl.

Imagine the Quaker-bred boy of Clinton Street, with eyes just as blue as in his early days, standing on the great platform, bowing shyly in his boyish way, in return for the applause that shook the house. He had won, as a famous critic said in the paper the next day, "a success both as pianist and composer, such as no American musician has ever won before a metropolitan concert audience!" Again and again he got up to bow, after every movement of his Concerto. Again and again he was recalled at the close.

To show what a wonderful pianist he was, James Hunecker told how the famous pianist Rafael Joseffy said after hearing Mac-

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dowell play his own Concerto in D minor at a concert,—“What’s the use of a poor pianist trying to compete with a fellow who writes his own music and then plays it in the way MacDowell does?”

“We may have no distinctive school of music,” wrote another musician, “but here is one young man who has placed himself on a level with the men owned by the world.” And again James Huneker said about this Concerto—“it easily ranks with any modern work in this form.”

But MacDowell had what he himself considered the greatest triumph of his life when his “Indian Suite” was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, while on the same evening he himself played with them his Second Concerto. He was recalled a dozen times by the enthusiastic audience. And it is a symbol of his love for Boston that of all the many trophies he received throughout his life, the great laurel wreath that was given him on this occasion was the only one he cared to preserve. It still hangs on the wall of his music

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room at Peterborough, where it has kept green for twenty-six years.

Mr. Philip Hale, the distinguished critic, has called this Suite of MacDowell's "one of the noblest compositions of modern times."

Perhaps there was no one who so greatly needed this kind of encouragement as MacDowell, on account of his excessive modesty. The following is a copy of a characteristic telegram sent Mrs. MacDowell by her husband from Buffalo, New York, after one of his successful concerts:

*"Mrs. Edw. MacDowell,
Westminster Hotel, New York:*

*Everything going well, moderate playing,
but great enthusiasm. Some things good.*

Edward."

Once Madame Carreño received a frantic telegram from MacDowell, just as she was about to play a piano piece of his at one of her concerts. "*Don't put that dreadful thing on your program!*" she read the anxious message. But one can imagine how she tossed

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her handsome head and laughed her brilliant laugh, as she had done in years gone by.

"He is the same obstinate boy who would not let me kiss him!" she probably thought.

Yes, MacDowell remained ever touchingly modest about his own talents. There was not a strain of conceit in him. He would not blow his own trumpet if he could. He hated to be praised, and always acted uncomfortable when anyone spoke flatteringly of his music, puckering up his forehead as if he could not really believe the kindly meant words, and trying to escape as soon as possible from the clutch of the admirer. He often used to run away from groups of people waiting to congratulate him on his triumph.

His biographer, Mr. Lawrence Gilman, tells an amusing story of MacDowell's "beating it" on one such occasion. He had been playing the Keltic Sonata, which was at the time one of his newest compositions, in a private house crowded with strangers. The audience was crazy with joy over his wonderful performance. Everyone was eager to

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tell him how much they admired him, eager to squeeze his lightning-quick fingers in their warm clutch. MacDowell stood silent and embarrassed in the midst of the crowding, chattering mob, looking the picture of distress.

Seeing presently an ebb in the tide about him, MacDowell whispered to his friend: "Can't we get out of this? Do you know the way to the back door?"

His friend did know the way to the inner mysteries of that house, and forthwith smuggled the weary genius out through a quiet corridor, and so down the back staircase to a dark corner.

The rescuer hailed a passing servant of the house and begged him to bring them something to eat. There the pair stayed in safety under the stairs, merrily munching their secret banquet, until the party was over and the guests, wondering what had become of their Lion, had departed. Then—but not till then—Mrs. MacDowell came in search of her truant husband. She had not been in too much

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of a hurry to do so, knowing well his tastes, and suspecting what might have happened. She found him having a beautiful time with Mr. Gilman and a plate of salad, discussing about the Keltic Sonata, and how it had come to be written.

MacDowell had made a wonderful record in a few years by his constant faithful work. He believed that every day an artist should try to make something, even if it had finally to be thrown away; for he kept only such attempts as he knew were worth while. He did not believe in an artist's waiting until he "felt like it." He believed in working until the inspiration should come and that it would come all the sooner, all the better, for hard work. MacDowell was a great believer in constant practice, not only piano practice for players, but brain-practice for all kinds of dreamers. He said one must keep up the technique of writing notes as well as the technique of playing them.

Though he was never a rich man and had to work hard all his life for the money that

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came to him, he was always generous to poor students. He remembered how he himself had been a poor student once. He knew better than most persons how hard a row they have to hoe. Remembering also how kind some of his own teachers had been to him, he passed on the kindness in his turn. He gave free tuition to those in whom he had confidence. That was the most precious help of all. In the last years of his life he gave up every Sunday morning to teaching "for love."

He was not slow to criticize when anyone asked his advice. Sometimes he seemed blunt and brusque, for he always spoke the truth and did not believe in silly compliments that were really insincere. He never encouraged poor work. But he generously praised what was good. He was always kind and sympathetic at heart, as great men who have succeeded ought to be.

His motto might well be expressed in his own words to a friend,—“The only thing is to be as useful as we can.”

XXII

THE WILD ROSE

As I have hinted, MacDowell was not the kind of composer who had any patience with "pot-boilers." That is, he would not write his music for mere money, or to please the taste of persons who did not know what real music was. He believed, as great artists of all kinds always believe, that the best work is done "for the joy of the working."

He was so anxious never to do anything unworthy, that perhaps he was too hard upon some of his own work. Perhaps he destroyed many beautiful things that we should have been proud to hear. The world came near losing the very piece of his music that is to-day known to more persons than any other! This is how it happened.

Every morning MacDowell used to retreat

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into his study to work. In the summertime he worked all day steadily in that same room. Sometimes at the end of the day MacDowell would look over what he had written, find a flaw or a passage that seemed dull, and forthwith throw the whole mass of manuscript into the fire. Sometimes he kept the imperfect copy as notes on which to begin over again. But usually if he was not satisfied with the day's work he destroyed it, for a fresh start.

One day at Hillcrest, the deserted farm that the MacDowells bought in the town of Peterborough, to be their summer home, Edward had an unsatisfactory day. He had written nothing that contented him. Ideas did not come in the form that sounded right to his sensitive ears. He had, indeed, jotted down a few bars of a little melody that sang in his head, a simple theme, almost like a small bird's piping. But he thought little of it; rolled up the bit of paper on which the notes were dotted, and tossed it towards the fireplace, not noting where it fell. Luckily, it missed the grate itself and fell on the hearth,

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where it lay unmolested for the rest of that day.

Mrs. MacDowell knew her husband's habits well. She saved him from many kinds of mistakes by keeping an eye on his absent-mindedness, and by watching with affectionate care over his lack of self-confidence. On this particular evening she came into the music room after MacDowell had finished his day's work, and as usual glanced over the place to be sure everything was left safe for the night. Presently she spied a bit of paper twisted on the hearth. With her usual caution she opened and examined it. She hummed the little melody to herself, and thought it very lovely.

"I will save this," she thought. "I will show it to him a little later," and she put the fragment in her pocket.

The next morning, before MacDowell retired to work, his wife handed him a bit of paper. "I picked this up last night. I think it is rather a pretty little melody," was all she said.

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To please his wife he looked the paper over. "H'm!" he exclaimed, and sitting down at the piano played the melody again and once again. "Why, yes," he mused. "It is not so bad. It is like a little Wild Rose theme, isn't it?"

He took the paper with him to his study and worked over it with enthusiasm. And when he had finished,—lo, and behold! It was the beautiful little piano piece "To a Wild Rose," which everybody loves. It makes one feel as MacDowell felt when he thought of the wild roses in the meadows about Hillcrest; when he smelled the fragrance that came in at the window.

I am going to put in this book, at this place, the letter that a twelve-year-old New York schoolboy wrote about this same little piece of music that was so nearly lost, or never finished. It shows what a sad thing it would have been had that bit of paper been destroyed one summer morning. The boy's teacher wrote a letter to Mrs. MacDowell, thinking she might like to know how the children of

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Edward's native city feel in these days about the Master's music. This is a part of what the teacher said in her letter:

"During the celebration of 'Music Week' in our school, a record of your late husband's 'To a Wild Rose' was played on the phonograph. The children in one of the sixth year classes were asked to write their impressions of the composition. George Lieber of Class 6B, an East Side boy, only twelve years old, wrote what I consider so wonderful an appreciation that I take the liberty of sending it."

This is George's composition.

"MACDOWELL'S TO A WILD ROSE"

"On Tuesday we were entertained by hearing the life of a wild rose told on the phonograph. Miss B—— thinks so much of the record composed by the celebrated MacDowell that she just simply had to let our class hear it.

"This simple record tells the whole life story of a wild woodland rose. In three simple notes the record tells of the wild rose's birth. When the beautiful flower sees the light for the first time, it seemed to say, in gentle sweet melody to her neighbors, the other flowers, 'Here I am. Here I am.' This is well brought out in the melody. The next strain tells of the sweet life of the wild rose. It

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greet the twittering birds, the whistling gentle winds, the sunshine and the trees. As we well know, flowers do not live as long as people. This is especially true of the wild rose. Suddenly the wild rose meets that fact, and her happiness is transformed with sorrow. In the composition this is expressed thoroughly.

"This simple record is a masterpiece of high art, and only a man like Edward MacDowell can express that.

"GEORGE LIEBER.

"6B, April 19, 1921."

How pleased Edward MacDowell would have been if he could have known that in 1921, just sixty years after he himself was born on what was then the popular East Side of New York, a little twelve-year-old school-boy from that changed neighborhood would be writing so understandingly about his music!

It was always one of MacDowell's dearest wishes that America should some day come to be one of the great music-loving nations, with many noble American musicians to make fine music, different from any other music in the world; and with American audiences to love and cheer what the musicians were trying to do. MacDowell himself began to make this dream come true. He taught with it always

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in his mind. He lectured tirelessly for this purpose. If many schoolboys are able to write such compositions as this which I have just quoted, out of their hearts and out of their love for music, it seems as if one part of his dream at least is not far from coming true.

The popularity of the "Wild Rose" used to cause MacDowell considerable amusement, and his sense of humor was always bubbling up in the quaintest expressions.

Once on being told by a friend that he had just heard a high school pupil play "The Wild Rose" at a graduating exercise, MacDowell said with a grimace: "I hope she didn't pull it up by the roots!"

And at another time when he heard that it had been played on a church organ as a voluntary, the composer chuckled: "That seems to me rather like a hippopotamus with a four-leaved-clover in its mouth!"

XXIII

EDGAR THORNE

MACDOWELL would never write for money, or just to be popular. The two things go together. If you can write something that everybody will like, even if everybody is not musical, you may make a fortune. But MacDowell hated this idea. He had no time to make a fortune. His name should only be signed to the best of what he could do. He made this rule not because he was a musical snob and despised the tunes made by other men; but because he thought too many persons were doing the lesser thing. They were not trying hard enough. There should be no smell of money about his work. He would rather go without luxuries for himself. He would rather work hard for his simple living; harder than a man ought to work.

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Not for himself would he ever make an exception to this rule. But he did make one exception out of the kindness of his heart, for the sake of another. And it meant a real musical sacrifice for him to do so.

MacDowell never had much money to give away. But he always did what he could for those less fortunate than himself. It came about that there was an old friend of his wife who needed immediate help, for herself and her family of little children. But the MacDowells were short of money at the time. What was to be done?

"Well, I'll have to write some pot-boilers, I suppose!" groaned the Composer. "I wouldn't do it for myself. But I will for our old friend."

Still he would not sign these pieces with his own name, which was beginning to be known as that of America's greatest composer. "I will take a sort of fairy name," he thought, chuckling. "I will write some musical fairytales; and we will have it a sort of fairy secret

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between us. If it brings in some fairy gold for our old friend, well and good for her!"

It is not dishonest to write under a different name from your own. Many great writers have done so, for various reasons. You do not act a lie. You only hide yourself away from the curiosity of the public, which any artist has the right to do. The public may be naturally interested in your self, if that self is interesting. But you may also have several hidden selves of which they know nothing; and they have no right to inquire.

Edgar Thorne was the name he chose for the pseudonym of his other self,—the fairy self, when he wrote the fairy pieces. Edgar was not unlike his own first name, of course. And perhaps he had in mind the "Wild Rose" when he added the name of Thorne, to give it a point.

He called the pieces "Forgotten Fairy Tales." And though they are not MacDowell's best work, he need never have been ashamed of them. He could hardly have written anything poor, had he tried. These

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are lighter little pieces than he usually wrote; full of fun and fancy, full of wild spirit and poetry. Several of them are just the kind of things that children like to play. All of them children like to hear.

"Forgotten Fairy Tales" he called them. You will have to search hard to find anywhere in books the stories that are supposed to hint "Of a Tailor and a Bear," "Sung Outside the Princess' Door," "Beauty in the Rosegarden," "From Dwarfland," "A Tin Soldier's Love," "An Elfin Round," and the rest. One has to imagine the stories for one's self. The Woman Who Knew Him Best has been unable to trace any tales that might have suggested them to Edward. I think myself that they were fairy-tales of his own dreaming; fairy-tales that he had invented perhaps when he was a little boy first reading Hans Andersen; and that he had almost "forgotten" them. But he found them in the deep treasure-house of his fancy, stored with a million precious things, and drew them forth to help the old friend in her distress.

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The fairies seemed always to help Edward when he called upon them; I do believe it!

He handed over the copyright on these musical pieces to the friend who needed help, and twice a year ever since she has received a good check for the copies sold. The fairy secret was well kept for a time. "Who is this *Edgar Thorne*, who writes these lovely pieces?" musical people asked at once. "They sound like none but MacDowell. But why does he not sign his name, if they are his? Someone is stealing his style. Someone who knows his business too well!"

They did not consider the pieces unworthy, you see. Finally people began to say: "MacDowell must have written these pieces. They sound exactly like MacDowell. But if we only were *sure* of it, we should like them still better. We should buy them still more often."

Then a strange thing happened. A real Edgar Thorne appeared; that is, a person who actually bore that fairy name! He could not have been a real-true kind of person himself; because he did not deny that he wrote the

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lovely pieces of music. He let people think, indeed, that he *had* written them; which was not fair. If he had written them, naturally the money they brought would belong to him. Of course this could not be allowed, for the sake of the old pensioner who received the royalty. So the MacDowells allowed the secret to leak out. Immediately the pieces sold better than ever. But those "Forgotten Fairy Tales" still bear the name of *Edgar Thorne*, and will always be known as the work of that shy fairy-composer.

XXIV

THE DESERTED FARM

BEFORE he went abroad MacDowell had seen very little of the wild beauty in America. Crown Point, Lake George, his grandfather's farm and Aunt Emily's had made the sum of his country travels. So he naturally associated romantic beauty with the Old World; with his first journey to Europe, and his later enjoyment of the French midlands, and especially the words of Frankfort and Wiesbaden. He could imagine nothing so lovely as those walking trips with his wife through Switzerland. So America came as a fresh surprise to him, when he began to explore for a place in which to make his summer home. He soon found that America held all the inspiration he needed for his American music.

First the MacDowells tried the seashore.

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They spent a summer on the coast of Maine, at York.

MacDowell had a great affection for the sea. He had always enjoyed fishing, since those earliest days; but sometimes his fishing-trips got him into queer scrapes. He left a letter to a friend that tells of an amusing adventure he had with a young fellow-fisherman during that summer spent at York Harbor.

"I helped a fellow launch his boat the other day," [he wrote,] "and after the almightiest kind of a tussle we found ourselves on board, adrift, with an oar and a boat hook, no shoes nor stockings, while the very devil of a wind was coming up. The boat as yet had no masts, and the tender (my boat) had broken loose and was thumping on the rocks. This was about six o'clock, and all we could do was to get to the moorings in mid-stream. The other fellow had played guard on a football team last autumn, and to his athletics I attributed our managing to hit it so that we got up to the float. -

"The way we hung on to that darned buoy licks anything I ever went through,—thought our arms would come out. Once moored we 'sot and sot,' yelling to the landscape generally to come and take us off. I had been deep sea fishing all day, too, and had no lunch at all but a sandwich and the rather cloying smell of the clam

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bait (it was real 'antika'). I came near getting the 'Risorsardinicans' that Bret Harte tells about."

In this same letter MacDowell says, "I have learned to ride a bicycle and swim this summer—am even rapidly getting over my fear of thunderstorms. This I attribute to the very few we have had!"

He loved his bicycle, and rode as often as he could find anyone to go with him. He loved to drive and to take long walks. He had often said he would like to be able to tramp all day on his own land.

But MacDowell was restless by the sea. His eyes turned longingly towards the hills, which he had always loved. After various travels and experiments, in the summer of 1896 they came, accidentally, upon a deserted farm among the New Hampshire hills. The original owners had gone west to live, leaving the house furnished, books and all, like a treasure for the questing artists to find. It was a beautiful place, quiet and woodsy, with a wonderful view, brooks and winding lanes, where

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the composer might realize his dream of "tramping all day on his own land." It suited MacDowell exactly. So they bought the place with all it contained for a "song," and began to make it over for their own purposes. They pulled down several old barns, opened piazzas, built roads, restored the garden, and Hillcrest became the "island in a sea of trees" that was to comfort the tired composer for the rest of his days. He spent his winters in New York City, where he became professor of music at Columbia College. But his happy summers for study and composition he passed at Peterborough.

There are five hundred acres in the Peterborough estate, which have been added gradually since 1896. There was an old rambling farm house, and a regular farm such as MacDowell had loved from his childhood. There were cows and horses, pigs and sheep, hens and chickens. All the activities of a little New England hill farm still go on about those acres, (and other things go on besides).

The farm was on the crest of a hill, a mile

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from the pretty village. This gave the name of "Hillcrest" to the place. But beside the tilled fields, the sunny meadows, the quiet pastures where the cows waded, there were wild woods where scarcely anyone ever walked. Here the trees grew thick along the brook. Here were mysterious hollows and thickets where the shyest wild-flowers grew and where rare birds nested, knowing they were safe. Scarlet lizards, like tiny gay dragons, crawled over the gray moss. Rabbits scurried about unembarrassed, and moles and foxes. By the springs the bull-frogs sang, and in the great pines the hermit thrushes yodeled their mysterious song of three quavering notes, thrice repeated.

This is the poem which he made about the woods. A beautiful piece of music goes with it.

IN DEEP WOODS

"Above, long shafts of opal flame,
Below, the dim cathedral aisles.
The mystery of immortal things
Breathes o'er the woods at eve."

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I have often seen those "dim cathedral aisles" at evening, with the thrushes singing the same beautiful music that MacDowell heard when he himself was making "immortal things." They are still singing the same songs. I wonder what he is singing now?

On the slope of the hill behind the farmhouse they found the remains of the deserted old formal garden, with a sun-dial, which MacDowell took in hand as his especial care. He had a great tenderness for old gardens, as is shown by the many musical pieces he wrote about them. I think he must have had this deserted garden of Hillcrest in mind when he composed that charming piece "With Sweet Lavender," in his "New England Idyls." And there is too a lovely poem of his beginning:

"Old lilac bushes, thin and grey,
In wistful longing sigh,
Disheveled roses blush in vain,"—

showing how he felt the sadness of gardens which no one loves any more. The flower

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beds at Hillcrest are very largely filled with forgotten shrubs and perennials which he found in the deserted gardens about Peterborough and brought here, as to an asylum, to be tended by his loving hands, even as they had once been tended by hard-worked farmers' wives. Many of them are quaint old-fashioned shrubs brought originally from English gardens by emigrants to the new homes of New England; living links with the mother-country of an older day.

Mrs. MacDowell remembers how one day when they were driving down an unfrequented lane, her husband spied a path bordered with yellow yarrow winding up to a deserted cellar. He followed the golden path eagerly, and so came upon another deserted farm which whispered its story to his sympathetic ears. He set some of the yarrow out in his garden, and there it still flourishes, gratefully at home.

In the garden and along the border of the walks you may find tall garden heliotropes with an unusual fairy-like breath; hollyhocks,

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balsams, irises curtseying to the dog-roses, peonies, columbines, and ladies'-delights. Lilac bushes abound, roses, and laurel transplanted from neighboring woods. There is a grape arbor, framing a fine view of Mount Monadnock, of which he was very fond. Great trees that were hardly more than saplings when he left them, now crowd close up to the cosy covered piazza, as if they wanted to be friendly with the memories that live there.

The deserted farms in the New Hampshire hills interested MacDowell not alone for their pathetic gardens. He loved to drive about the country and make discoveries about the history of the people who lived there in the old days. He found the simple lives of these early settlers as interesting as the histories of foreign lands, and as picturesque. The things that he saw and imagined found their way into his music and made it still more "American." Even in foreign countries MacDowell had never cared for "old" things for their own sake; only for the pictures of life they made

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him see. When he went to visit an ancient castle he was thrilled not by the picturesqueness of ivy-mantled towers, but by the worn stones of the road trodden smooth by the horses of the knights, who had passed up and down to the drawbridge. The very place they had trod enchanted him, and pictures of the life they had led came to him,—not in colors and banners and gorgeous pageants, but in the inner spirit of chivalry.

So he found all among these hills of home the signs of the old American drama as it had played itself in New England. The first settlers had built on the hilltops,—just as the Italian dukes had done in their fortified cities,—to keep watch up and down the valleys where the enemy prowled. No Indian could creep up those steep slopes without being seen. Then, as this danger passed with the passing of the Redskins, the farmers dared to build further down the slopes, with sunny ripening places for their crops towards the south, nearer together for neighborliness and exchange of produce. Then came the age of

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mills. Men moved still further down into the valleys along the waterways, opening up stage roads between mill and mill, utilizing the rivers and lakes when possible, and leaving the older farms deserted on the hilltops. Finally, as the railroad came, taking the place of the old stage-coach, the folk crowded into towns, so as to be near the source of supplies. Thus age followed age, like layers of rock in the study of geology, each leaving its own unmistakable traces. MacDowell loved to make these investigations for himself.

On the acres of MacDowell's own farm had been found relics of the Revolutionary war. Behind a stone wall close by Hillcrest, the workmen engaged in building a new driveway found two old British muskets, one bearing the royal coat of arms, which now stand in a corner of the Log Cabin. These were probably carried by Huzzars who, tradition says, were fleeing with a small squad of the defeated British army, on their way to Canada. The running soldiers probably tossed these now useless weapons behind that Yan-

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kee stone wall, as too heavy for the long journey. The stone walls themselves were monuments of pioneer grit and courage. MacDowell frequently felt conscious of presences in the woods that seemed like Indian spirits. While all about were influences inherited or transplanted from older lands.

How he would have enjoyed the "secret chamber" at *The Eaves*, that now stands a part of the MacDowell Colony plant. The old house built more than a hundred years ago is quaint in line and mysterious in arrangement. At the back of the old smoke-chimney, with its ovens and huge fireplaces, is a tiny closet, large enough for a man to stand upright, but a snug fit at that. You find it by a panel in the staircase wall. It is absolutely dark behind there, suffocating and mouldy. One would guess that it had been made as a place of concealment from Indians, were the house of a slightly older period. But its purpose is no less picturesque. It seems it was built by the owner of the house, a pious Elder, that he might be able to obey

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literally the Biblical command to "go into his own house and chamber and be still," when he communed with his Maker.

All through MacDowell's later music you feel the effect of romantic New England, and its successive acts in the historical drama. "From Puritan Days," "A. D. 1620," "At an Old Trysting Place," "A Haunted House," the various Indian pieces, idyls and pictures are characteristic of the region.

XXV

HILLCREST

I NEVER saw a house with so many doors to it as Hillcrest has! It seems as if MacDowell wanted to let the whole outdoor world into his life. Apparently he could not bear to shut out nature with four walls. Or perhaps he wanted as many ways of escape as possible from the stupid sort of persons who interrupt an artist's life, with the kindest motives. Wherever one may be in that house of his, one can bolt quickly through door or low window and soon be beyond hearing of any voices but those of nature.

MacDowell's music room! It is a wonderful thing to visit the very room where he worked and practised; where his piano still stands, and where a bronze bust of his handsome, manly head looks down. This was the

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room that he used for all his work, before he had a log cabin to himself. It is separated from the rest of the house by a covered passage, to deaden the sounds of household doings, which do not always blend prettily with fairy fancies. The ceiling of the room is raftered in dark wood. From it hang brass lamps; and a tree of candles stands beside the grand piano over which his lightning fingers used to race up and down.

Around the walls,—as one would expect to find in his room,—rows and rows of books extend to the very ceiling. Many of these are his own childhood friends and favorites, which I have already described. They make his boyhood seem real and very near. Beside these first books crowd later friends, which show that his taste did not greatly change, through that lifelong boyhood. Here are the histories and legends and poetry that he always loved; romances and mysteries; folk-lore and fairy-tales,—he bought them all as they came out. Kipling's "Jungle Books" he adored; Lang's rainbow of fairy-books, and

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almost best of all, the tales of "Uncle Remus." In this very room he composed a wonderful, tricky little piano piece called after "Br'er Rabbit," which everybody likes. "Br'er Rabbit" was the last story that MacDowell read, in the twilight of his days.

In one corner of this music room is a fireplace, around which a happy group still gathers every Sunday night in summer. In another corner a stairway winds steeply up. The side lights of the porch door, in pretty metal tracery, were designed by MacDowell himself, who never lost his artistic skill. And on the walls among the other pictures hang some beautiful photographs of woods and foreign scenes which he himself made. Also the laurel wreath of his greatest triumph, still green.

In a corner lean the fishing-rods that he carried when he waded up and down the Peterborough brooks in search of speckled trout. His favorite playmate on these occasions was his nephew, Frank Nevins, who often used to visit the home in Peterborough. When Frank was in the house he was an in-

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separable companion of his uncle, following at his heels about the place, just as the little dog Charlie did. He could not bear to let the fascinating elder comrade, so full of fun and fancy and stories, out of his sight.

They used to get up very early in the morning when they went fishing together, taking their baskets and not returning until late in the evening, tired but happy. One day, when Frank was ten years old, he went with his uncle on one of these trips, and during their wanderings MacDowell lost his gold watch. That was a tragedy indeed! Gold watches do not grow on every tree, even in Fairyland. Two days later Frank stole out by himself, to the fishing hole where they both suspected the watch might have slipped away from its moorings. And here, sure enough, the boy retrieved the watch, and was able proudly to hand it back to his uncle that night.

MacDowell loved to play with the boys of Peterborough, and would often throw ball with them; but it had to be a soft ball. His constant sacrifice for the sake of his work;

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his lifelong self-control, which kept him from indulging any taste that would be bad for his music, was perhaps most difficult when it met athletics. He loved baseball beyond anything, and with his iron arms and fingers, his big muscular hands, his quick eye and agility, he might have been a wonderful player. But he could never afford to risk one sprained finger, one stiff joint.

He always liked bicycling. But still better he loved to drive with his horse and "buggy," his little dog frolicking about the horse's heels, as they ambled peacefully mile after mile through the lovely woods and green bordered roads of Peterborough.

Hunting MacDowell never cared for. He would often go strolling away through the woods and fields with a gun over his shoulder. But he rarely brought home any game. Neighbors used to say that he only "pretended" to hunt. He could not bear to kill the creatures who shared life with him, except for necessity.

The creatures themselves seemed to under-

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stand this. Often, going through the woods, he would pass a partridge that did not move at his approach. And more than once, looking off from the piazza of his house in the woods where he was sitting, he saw a wild deer nibbling the apples of a wild apple tree close by, who minded him not at all.

Though the MacDowells spent their winters in New York, while he was a Professor at Columbia, they used always to come to Peterborough for a sort of long picnic at Hillcrest in mid-winter. They enjoyed the game in jolly scout fashion; Mrs. MacDowell doing the cooking, Himself getting the firewood, breaking out paths through the snow, and doing the other chores gayly as the early tenants of the deserted farm must have done. Snow in the Peterborough hills is a serious matter. It comes early and lasts late, in drifts far up to the roofs of the houses, covering everything out of sight. And often the little birds of the winter woods suffer sadly for food. As part of the holiday fun MacDowell always took the scraps from the table

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and tramped with them out into the deep woods, on snow-shoes, scattering them on top of the drifts for the wild birds and animals to enjoy.

Among his pieces are a number that express his feeling about the country in winter-time; pieces that he wrote at Hillcrest. There are "Winter," "Mid-Winter," "By Smouldering Embers" in Fireside Tales, and "Of Salamanders" (creatures who live in the fire). For some of the pieces that are like glimpses of the New England landscape he wrote little poems that condense deep thoughts into a few lines,—as this one:

TO A WHITE PINE

"A giant of an ancient race
He stands a stubborn sentinel,
O'er swaying gentle forest trees
That whisper at his feet."

That old White Pine was a dignified person who remembered many things that happened before MacDowell was born. Perhaps he whispered some of the stories to the composer's ears in his cabin close by.

XXVI

WITCH HAZEL

PROBABLY not many persons who live in cities have ever seen a witch-hazel tree. They think of witch hazel as a colorless liquid that lives in a bottle, and that is rubbed on aches and pains. Sometimes it cures them with really marvelous quickness. That is one reason why witch hazel got its ancient name. But there is another reason: a mysterious power which many persons do not believe in, but which many others know to be real, because they have seen it work.

Witch hazel is a small tree which blossoms oddly, as one would expect a witch-tree to do. It blossoms in the fall, instead of in the spring. The flowers are odd, too, a greenish-yellow fringe, like tiny fairy-fingers. But it is not the blossoms which are bewitched. It

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is the Y-shaped fork, where two twigs meet, which has strange powers in the hands of the right person. Whatever the reason may be, the right person, holding a fork of witch hazel, can often tell where a spring of water may be hidden underground. It is an ancient bit of knowledge that certain persons, with a certain "knack," can locate wells by aid of the witch hazel.

Edward MacDowell had such a knack. Whether it be "spooky" or fairy-given; or whether it be some "magnetic" quality in the hands, or some electric current in the human body that answers to the call of the water in the ground, I don't know. But Edward had it, whatever it was. He had always an uncanny faculty of getting at all sorts of hidden things; a faculty that ran in his family, as in the strain of many Celtic persons. Maybe this partly accounts for his love of fairies and other mysteries. Anyway, he found that he could locate springs as well as any "water-witch" who ever lived. Mrs. MacDowell

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tells me that he located no less than four or five springs on the acres of the Peterborough farm in this way.

MacDowell himself had laughed at the idea of finding a spring by means of a little wand of green twigs. But one day, when his farmer had been urging him to try the "spell" in order if possible to locate a much-needed spring nearer the barn, he agreed to make the experiment. It was a most unpromising place for a spring; a sandy knoll on top of the hill. Laughing with scorn of the trick which he had been asked to play, he took the freshly cut Y of witch hazel which the farmer handed to him, holding the two arms of the Y, one in each hand, so that the "pointer" rested lightly against his breast. His hand was strong as an iron vise. Mrs. MacDowell, who watched the experiment, says that he clutched the wood so hard that his knuckles turned white. Suddenly, as the composer walked slowly along over the sandy soil, his wife saw a bewildered look come over MacDowell's

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face, while the pointer began to move slowly downward.

"The darned thing moves!" he exclaimed in amazement. Indeed, whether he would or no, the stick slowly pulled his hands over until the top pointed at a certain spot on the ground.

"You've got her, by Jove!" exclaimed the farmer, who was eagerly watching.

"I am holding it as tightly as I can!" cried the composer. "But see, it moves!"

He was holding the stick so tightly that when he took his hands away the bark was peeled completely from the twigs by the movement of the stick as it revolved in his palms.

They dug in the ground where the pointer indicated. And sure enough, there was water. Thereupon they finished the well, which supplies the farm until this day.

There are seven springs in the woods of the "Great Good Place." I have visited them all. One of the most beautiful, which Mac-

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Dowell himself found, scooped out, and lined with pebbles, is like a fairy spring, where the Frog Prince might well make his home. It is beside this spring, the wildest spot in the wild deep woods, that the "House of Dreams" came true.

XXVII

THE LOG CABIN

THE "House of Dreams" was a great secret when it began to grow. It was a secret which the One Who Knew Him Best had planned, to carry out something she had often heard her husband wish for.

The music room at Hillcrest, with its covered passage and doors of retreat, was not secluded enough for this composer, whose dreams came crowding so thick and fast in those days that he needed all the space and quiet in the world to help him hold them fast. Mrs. MacDowell knew his favorite spot in the deep woods, near the spring. She knew how his feet turned oftenest in that direction when he went to walk. He had worn a little path from the white gate-posts of Hillcrest down into a hollow and up through the dark, ferny

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dells where the Jack in the Pulpit preached to the violets and wake robins; where the lady's slipper hid away, and where the shyest birds sang without fear their uninterrupted songs. There, said she to herself, her minstrel should have a retreat of his own, secure from any visits save those of dreams.

She planned the little house carefully. It should be a toy house, just large enough to hold what a composer needed for his day's work. It should look as if it grew out of the woods like a plant, without the help of human hands. It should not look bothersome to nature, but should suggest the fairy-houses of the old story-books. She would not have any of the big trees that her husband loved cut down for the building; he would surely miss them. All the logs were cut and hauled from the top of East Mountain, ten miles away. That made it expensive; but it was the only happy way.

The foundation was laid before MacDowell suspected what was being done. Then one day he was led up the little path through the

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woods and bidden to look. The cabin stands halfway up a steep slope, carpeted with pine needles from the big white pine close by. It stands high, on stilts at the front, so as to seem almost in the tree tops, and from the unrailed veranda you look off for miles over rolling country to the Mountain, beautiful Monadnock. Here MacDowell could sit for hours at a time, rocking in his chair and dreaming dreams. The roof is sharp-angled, covered with bark. The walls are of well-hewn barky logs. The little windows have diamond-shaped panes, and open like shutters; "magic casements" indeed. Though these open not upon "the foam of perilous seas," but upon billows of green leaves, "in fairylands forlorn."

What fun it must have been to lead the child-hearted Master on that first morning up the little path to his favorite spring, and point out to him the "surprise" taking shape there in the forest; his dream springing up like a brown mushroom overnight!

It was to be finished to suit his whim and fancy. There must be a fireplace, of course.



THE LOG CABIN

THE LOG CABIN

There is nothing that so helps a Dreamer as a crackling blaze on his own hearth. The most noticeable thing about the cabin is the deep fireplace of cobblestone; with a shelf above, supported by two huge glacier pebbles, worn smooth by the ice-river that crawled down the Peterborough hills millions of years ago. On the cement hearth is deeply scratched the nicest of mottoes: *Edward and Marian. August, 1899.* Edward himself scratched the two names there with a pointed stick while the cement was soft. He had a sudden impulse to "autograph" the cabin, as all their books that they owned together were inscribed. It was quite unpremeditated, and not at all like him, who was always afraid of being sentimental. He almost smeared it out again, as soon as it was done; but finally decided to let it stay. There was never anything of the poser or the sentimentalist about MacDowell. He had a horror of anything like the "artistic temperament" and its eccentric expression.

With the bark door closed behind him, a

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great chair drawn up before a cosy log fire on the hearth—what a place for a Dreamer to sit and listen to the music that came knocking at the door of his happy heart!

On the walls hung some of his favorite pictures; Beethoven over the fireplace; a little angel with a musical instrument; the noble figure of King Arthur in his knightly armor; some photographs taken by MacDowell himself of places that he loved in foreign lands.

From the ceiling hung a bronze lamp. He could work in his little cabin even in the twilight of dark days. Nothing could disturb him here. Nothing could dispossess him in his dominion of dreams.

Sounds of the forest which crept to his ears were blended with his musical thoughts. Birds trilling, rustling leaves, shivers of tiny feet in the underbrush—you can hear them all through his music written in the Log Cabin. And sounds from far away, from past ages, from his childhood's dreams. From the balcony outside he often used to imagine he saw the Indians passing. Perhaps he caught

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glimpses of the gnomes and nymphs of the forest, who must have flocked about this cabin of their little brother, with good will. With all his Quaker blood, he was half pagan by his belief in the Unseen Things that are often about us.

Here in the Log Cabin MacDowell spent what were perhaps the happiest hours of his life. Here he wrote much of his finest music. Here his last and sweetest dreams took form and sang themselves out into the world. One of his loveliest pieces of music, with its little poem quoted at the beginning of this book, was written "From a Log Cabin."

XXVIII

"THE GREAT GOOD PLACE"

"There is a place where Beauty, Peace and Silence
Throng the deep woods with dryad presences;
Where in the hush of slow serenity
Fortunate men see visions, face to face;
Where lightfoot hours hold Time within their hands,
And let the sun pour down his gold uncounted.

* * * * *

"In those dark days when men no more see visions,
May there be sanctuary in the hills!
Still may there be the place the Master loved,—
That wooded westering slope where echoed once
His harmonies,—oh, never may that air
Be empty of all music! And forever,
Haunting those heights, shall walk the Seven Arts!"

—ESTHER WILLARD BATES.

(From "*The Woodland Altar*," a Masque, written for
the use of the chapters of the MacDowell Colony League.)

LIKE a tired little child who has come to
the end of a beloved story-book which he has
kept clean and beautiful while enjoying it to

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the very last page, Edward MacDowell closed the Book of Life and fell asleep on January 23, 1908.

The fairies were about him to the very end. His rooms were still thronged with dreams, his own and those of others. The last book that he read was "Uncle Remus," turning to his favorite story of "Br'er Rabbit." It is a curious thing to recall that when some years later Joel Chandler Harris, who wrote the story of "Uncle Remus," also laid down his magic pen, the last piece of music he begged to have played for him was MacDowell's "Br'er Rabbit." So these two child-like hearts turned at the last each towards the other's dream—the story-dream and the music-dream, which were different ways of saying the same thing.

Perhaps at this moment those two great artists are making beautiful dreams together somewhere—who knows?—without ever being pressed for time or being anxious about money, or being interrupted by little things, or feeling tired or sad.

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On the beautiful day in mid-winter when MacDowell was laid to rest among the hills that he loved, the snow lay deep over the ground, as it used to lie when he went out into the woods to feed the birds. The villagers followed up the hill in a long procession to the quiet spot where his grave was to be. Not a word was spoken during the services, not a sound was heard; while the composer lay in the white costume he had always worn in his later days. The most beautiful figure he was amid the white snow, with a look on his face mystical and strange, as if he were gazing his last on a world which he had found and which he had left so lovely.

Suddenly, out of the whiteness a little bird flew down, perched on the side of the open casket, and began trilling sweetly. It was like a miracle. All the gathered people fell on their knees overcome with the wonder, as if it had been a message.

Many persons go every summer to visit the place where MacDowell sleeps, in a fair

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green enclosure under a great brown New Hampshire boulder, "facing the sunset" and the friendly hills. On a bronze tablet set in the rock are engraven the lines he wrote about "the house of dreams untold." About him grow flowers and velvet grass and graceful trees, making it a cheerful smiling place, not a sad one. Close by sound the happy voices of boys and girls playing out-door games such as he loved, in fields that were dear to him.

Across the golf links and the road beyond sometimes comes faintly the sound of music. But oftener there is the tense silence while young people dream, as they might not have dreamed but for MacDowell's inspiration. Wild birds and shy wild beasties are still safe in those acres, because they are sacred to his memory and fragrant with the story of his perennial boyhood.

The beautiful things which he made are still alive, singing over the world that he found so interesting and full of loveliness. His music is played everywhere, "music noble as the soul of the man who conceived it." His

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work is one of the proudest possessions of his country. This dream of his came true.

But another dream also came true. Almost as soon as the One Who Knew Him Best found that the fairest dream of her life was ended, she began to build a new dream in the memory of her husband. Or rather, she took one of his newest, unfinished dreams, and made it real. She knew what a blessing the quiet of the Log Cabin had been for him. She believed that if he had sooner enjoyed its peace and rest, during longer vacations, he might be living still, to write more of his beautiful music. He had often said he wished others could have so happy a retreat as this had been for him. And he said how wonderful it would be if some day a group of dreamers of all kinds could get together in such a place, working separately, but meeting for rest and play; helping one another by friendly talk in a friendly neighborhood.

When Mrs. MacDowell was left alone she said to herself: "Now, what more perfect thing can I do for his memory than to save

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these acres of his Peterborough farm to be a ‘Great Good Place’ where young Dreamers can always come to work, near where he worked, in the peace and quiet and beauty that he found so good? Why should I not try to build other log cabins for composers and artists and story tellers, poets and sculptors and playwrights, whom he never knew, but whom he would have loved to help? I know he will be glad.”

Almost immediately the dream began to come true. Little by little it has grown, more beautiful, more helpful every year in a way that MacDowell would have rejoiced to see. The income from his music and from Mrs. MacDowell’s concerts goes to build this dream. And many who believe in the value of beautiful dreams are glad to help.

If you should go up to Peterborough in the summertime, when the trees are at their leafiest and the birds are at their trilliest, and when the flowers are breathing their sweetest dreams, you would find a little Colony busily at work in separate studios, each mak-

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ing some beautiful thing. In the midst of the woods, in the midst of the Colony, stands the Log Cabin where the Boy-Who-Never-Grew-Up used to work. It has become a sort of precious shrine of bright memories and inspiring hopes. The folk who work here come often to drink of the icy-cold spring in the dell below the Cabin. And whenever they do so, I am sure they think of him; of his splendid courage and brave life and beautiful dreams, and go away refreshed by more than the water.

There are twenty little cabins in the woods, out of sight and hearing from one another. They are all different. Some of them are built of bark and logs, like Edward's first one. Some are of painted wood; some are of stucco with colored trimmings. Some are partly of stone. Each colonist thinks the especial cabin which is loaned to him or to her for the summer is the nicest one of all; but they do not quarrel about it—they are too busy.

Most of the cabins are tiny, and you would not notice them at first as you stroll through

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the quiet woods, where the squirrels still lord it and where the birds are not afraid. The cabins are alike in several respects; they each have an open fireplace and are furnished with all the wood needed for a cosy inspiring blaze; they each have a tea-table for the luncheon that is brought here at noon by quiet hands and tiptoe feet—almost like a fairy meal! Each has a cosy couch on which to rest, a work-table and easy chair—MacDowell’s own recipe for comfort. And here the artists have peace and quiet and the chance to work uninterrupted from breakfast time till supper time, if they wish to make their hours so long.

Down through the pine avenues you may sometimes see a young woman or a young man passing to or from work. If it is in the morning, they may be loaded down with notebooks, or sketching blocks, or “material” for another day, their faces fresh and smiling from a happy “family” breakfast, at Colony Hall. If at night, they will each be toting home the empty lunch basket, their eyes bright with the dreams that have visited them

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all day, perhaps with a new poem in the pocket, or a new song on the lips.

Sometimes of an afternoon you will meet one or two of them hurrying to the tennis court with rackets, or starting for a refreshing walk over the hills, sawing wood or working in the garden, or studying flowers. At night there may be stories told about the great fireplace at Colony Hall, games, or dancing, or music in the Music Studio; or quiet reading, or "discussions." Everyone may do as she or he pleases, in fellowship. Indeed, the joy of human fellowship is one of the most blessed things about the Great Good Place. Fellowship also with a great Ideal.

Down in one of the most beautiful spots of the woods, not far from the Log Cabin, is a clearing looking towards the sunset. Here is the Pageant Stage; a fairy amphitheater of stone seats about a tree-shadowed arena; with one of the finest mountain views for a background. "Entrances" and "exits" are provided through natural bowers of evergreen shrubs and trees. And here, once in so often,

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the MacDowell Association gives a musical pageant, as carefully carried out, as beautiful in every detail as loving hearts can make it, in memory of the Master. In this Pageant the people of the village, who loved MacDowell dearly and who cherish his memory as the most precious tradition of the place, take part. Thither come music-lovers from all over the land. Back as to a home flock the lucky Associates of the Colony, who have known the magic of those acres and have done better work because of it; each bringing a tribute of love and gratitude to the Master whose spell is still powerful in the Great Good Place.

It would be impossible to tell all that this means, this MacDowell Colony, or to prophesy the great part it may play in the art of our country. Already it has done much. Only Dreamers may go there who desire to make beautiful things. Only those who know how hard it is to find the right place in which to work and the right companions for leisure hours. It is not the place in which people

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go "to have a good time"; unless by that they mean the joy of the working, which is the true artist's definition of "a good time." In those quiet woods that MacDowell loved so well many bright new dreams have taken shape—songs and sonatas, statues and poems, stories and plays, pictures and pageants. The place is full of gifts; even as were the hands of the little child who was born in New York City a week before Christmas Day.

HILLCREST

(To Mrs. Edward MacDowell)

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

No sound of any storm that shakes
Old island walls with older seas
Comes here where now September makes
An island in a sea of trees.

Between the sunlight and the shade
A man may learn till he forgets
The roaring of a world remade,
And all his ruins and regrets; . . .

He may by contemplation learn
A little more than what he knew,
And even see great oaks return
To acorns out of which they grew.

He may, if he but listen well,
Through twilight and the silence here,
Be told what there are none to tell
To vanity's impatient ear; . . .

Who knows to-day from yesterday
May learn to count no thing too strange:
Love builds of what Time takes away,
Till Death itself is less than Change. . . .

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